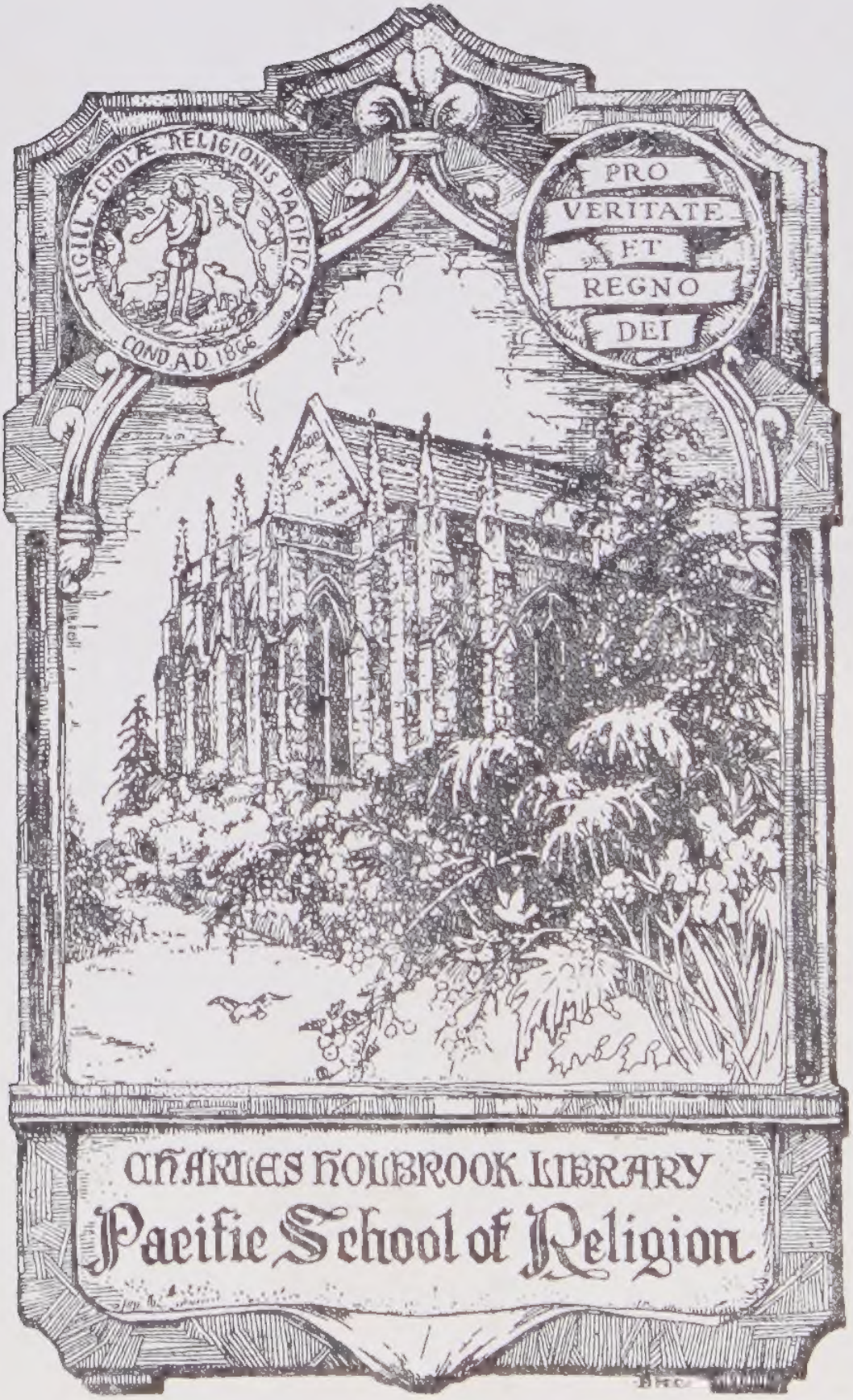
John S. Carr.
December 1859
Watsonville
Cal.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EARLY TIMES

IN

MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

BY JOHN CARR,

A PIONEER OF THE WEST.

Nashville, Tenn.:
PUBLISHED FOR ELISHA CARR,
(NEPHEW OF THE AUTHOR,)
BY E. STEVENSON & F. A. OWEN.
1857.

Introduction.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," and history is more marvellous than romance. And no history is more exciting to the reader than that which details the adventures, conflicts, sufferings, and hair-breadth escapes of the pioneers of a wilderness country, especially when its forests and the gorges of its mountains are infested by ravenous beasts and savage men. Could the thrilling scenes connected with the early settlements of the Valley of the Mississippi be collected, they would constitute a volume unsurpassed in interest by any work that has

ever appeared before the American public. A few of these have been collected and are rendered immortal by the press, and will be read with emotion and wonder in generations to come.

All thanks are due to those who have rescued from oblivion many important facts and incidents connected with the early settlement of Tennessee and Kentucky. Among those who have contributed to this praiseworthy work we mention with pleasure the author of the following sketches. Mr. Carr, himself a pioneer, and having been personally cognizant of the most important events related in this volume, has laid the public under a debt of gratitude for the facts and incidents herein recorded. He still lives, one of the few remaining hardy men of the past century who were an honor to their race. He is an active, vigorous man, who has reached his eighty-fourth year. His health has always been good, and his life one of industry

and labor. With a quiet mind and calm temperament, and strictly virtuous habits, he is a fine specimen, a noble example to the young men of the present generation. His temperate habits and well-regulated life have been the fruits of early, continued, and consistent piety. Thousands who entered the journey of life with him, by dissipation and irregular habits, have long since gone to the grave; wrecked and ruined, they have passed away, and their memories have perished, while he still lives, a blessing to his country.

Knowing him to be a man of undoubted integrity, and possessing a memory unsurpassed for its tenacity, the writer urged him some years since to record his recollections of the early times of Tennessee. With this request he has complied, and the result is the following deeply interesting work, which appeared in numbers in the Nashville Christian Advocate, and which

have been read by thousands with much pleasure. At the suggestion of many friends, these sketches have been collected, and are now presented to the reading public in this permanent form. They will be valuable to the future historian, as they have been entertaining to thousands who have followed the pioneer in the wilderness.

J. B. M'FERRIN.

Nashville, August, 1857.

Early Times in Middle Tennessee.

CHAPTER I.

In 1779, Capt. James Robertson, with two or three hundred followers, left the Holston country for the purpose of making a settlement at the French Lick—the site on which now stands the city of Nashville. The company brought with them a good deal of stock, both horses and cattle. Their route lay through the Kentucky country; and as there were no roads, and the snows were very heavy, and the weather unusually inclement, they had a tedious and difficult journey, and did not arrive at the French Lick until January, 1780. Indeed, that winter was extremely severe—so much so, that its equal in this respect had never been known by the oldest people; and such a winter has not since been felt in this country. The company drove their stock over the Cumberland river on the ice, and pitching their camp

on the bluff where Nashville has since been built, they began to construct a fort.

During the same fall and winter, Kasper Mansker, Daniel Frazier, Amos Eaton, and a number of other emigrants, followed the route of the first company, and after suffering great privations, arrived in the Cumberland country. Besides the fort built by Capt. Robertson, as just noticed, Amos Eaton, Isaac Lindsey, Louis Crane, Hayden Wells, and others, built a fort one mile and a half below Nashville, on the north side of the river. It was called Eaton's Station. George, Jacob, and James Freeland, and others, built a fort a short distance west of the French Lick, at the place where Dr. McGavock now has his residence. It was called Freeland's Station. During the same winter, or the next spring, Kasper Mansker, William Neely, James Franklin, Daniel Frazier, and others, built a fort on the west side of Mansker's Creek, about three or four hundred yards below the site of Walton's Camp-ground. It was called Mansker's Station. Near the same time, a man named Asher, with others, built a fort about two and a half miles south-east of the place where the town of Gallatin now stands, and near the Buffalo Path from Mansker's Lick to Bledsoe's Lick. It was called Asher's Station.

The land is now owned by John Chambers, Esq. About the same time, Thomas Killgore, Moses Mauldon, Ambrose Mauldon, Samuel Mason, Josiah Hankins, and others, built a fort high up on Red River, in the neighborhood now called Cross Plains, in Robertson county. It was called Killgore's Station.

In the fall of 1779, Col. John Donelson, Robert Cartwright, Benjamin Porter, James McCain, Isaac Neely, John Cotton, Mr. Rounsever, Jonathan Jennings, William Crutchfield, Moses Renfroe, Joseph Renfroe, James Renfroe, Solomon Turpin, John Turpin, Francis Armstrong, Isaac Lanier, Daniel Dunham, John Boyd, John Montgomery, John Cockrill, John Caffrey, Mary Henry, a widow and her family, Mary Purnell and her family, John Blackmore, John Gibson, and a number of others, embarked in boats for the French Lick. There were at first two companies. Col. Donelson was the leader of one, which left Fort Henry, on the Holston river, Dec. 22, 1779. Capt. John Blackmore was the leader of the other, which embarked about the same time from Blackmore's Fort, on the Clinch river. A large number of the men, who went through by land with Capt. Robertson, sent their families around by water, in company with Col. Donelson. Col.

Donelson kept a journal of nearly every day's travel, from the time they started until they arrived at the French Lick. I have read this journal with great interest, and, if it were not so long, I would give the whole of it. On account of the difficult navigation of the Holston river, in connection with the extreme severity of the winter, Col. Donelson's company did not reach the mouth of the Clinch river until the fifth of March. Col. Donelson, in his journal, does not give the number of boats composing the fleet; but James Cartwright, now living in the town of Gallatin, whose father was one of the company, informs me that, when the boats from the Holston river united with those from the Clinch river, at the mouth of the latter, they were about forty in number, and nearly every one had two families on board. His father's boat held three families.

On the eighth of March, they reached the first inhabited Indian town on the Tennessee river. The Indians insisted that the voyagers should come ashore, calling them brothers and showing other signs of friendship; insomuch that John Caffrey and John Donelson, Jr., took a canoe and were crossing over to them, the fleet having landed on the opposite shore. A half-breed, who called himself Archy Coody, with several Indians,

met them, and advised them to return, which they did, with Coody and several canoes which had left the shore and followed directly after him. They appeared to be friendly. After distributing some presents among them, with which they seemed to be much pleased, they observed a number of Indians on the other side embarking in their canoes, armed and painted with red and black. Coody immediately made signs to his companions, ordering them to quit the boat, which they did, himself and another remaining and advising the voyagers to move off instantly. They had not gone far before they discovered a number of Indians, armed and painted, proceeding down the river, as it were, to intercept them. Coody, the half-breed, and his companion, sailed with them for some time, and, telling them that they had passed all the towns and were out of danger, left them. But they had not gone far before they came in sight of another town, situated likewise on the south side of the river, nearly opposite a small island. Here the Indians again invited them to come on shore, calling them brothers; and observing the boats standing off for the opposite channel, they told them that their side of the river was better for boats to pass. Capt. Blackmore's boat ran too near shore, and

was fired upon, resulting in the death of young Mr. Payne. There was a boat owned by a Mr. Stuart, whose family had the small-pox. He had agreed to follow far enough in the rear, so that there would be no danger of the infection spreading to the other boats; and he was warned each night when they went to camp by the sound of a horn. After the town had been passed, the Indians, observing his helpless situation, singled off from the rest of the fleet, intercepted him, and killed and took prisoners the whole crew, to the great grief of the entire company, who were uncertain how soon they might share the same fate. I will state here that, though but a small boy at the time, I recollect very well the reports of the great and terrible mortality which prevailed in the Cherokee Nation after the capture of Stuart's boat. Without doubt the wretches paid dearly for their booty. It was said that, when they were attacked with the small-pox, and the fever was upon them, they took a heavy sweat in their houses for that purpose, and then leaped into the river and died by scores.

The voyagers still perceived the Indians marching down the river, keeping pace with them until the Cumberland Mountain hid them from their sight, when they were in hopes they had escaped

them. They had now arrived at the place called the Whirl or Suck, where the river is compressed within less than half of its common width by the Cumberland Mountain, which juts in on both sides. In passing through the upper part of these narrows, at a place described by Coody, which he termed "the boiling pot," a trivial accident had nearly ruined the expedition. One of the company, John Cotton, who was moving down in a large canoe, had attached it to Robert Cartwright's boat, into which he and his family had gone for safety. The canoe was here overturned, and the little cargo lost. The company, pitying his distress, concluded to halt and assist him in recovering his property. They had landed on the northern shore, at a level spot, and were going up to the place, when the Indians, to their astonishment, appeared immediately over them, on the opposite cliffs, and commenced firing down upon them, which occasioned a precipitate retreat to the boats. They immediately moved off. The Indians, lining the bluffs, continued their fire on the boats, without doing any other injury than wounding four persons slightly. Jonathan Jennings's boat having run on a rock near the northern shore, he ordered his wife and son and another young man, together with a negro man and woman, to

throw all his goods out of the boat while he returned the fire of the Indians, which he did with great effect. But before they had unloaded, his son, the young man, and the negro man, jumped out to swim ashore. The negro man was drowned. The two young men swam ashore, got a canoe, and started down the river. Mrs. Jennings and the negro woman continued unloading the boat, assisted by Mrs. Peyton, (who had been delivered of a child the night before.) Ephraim Peyton, her husband, had gone through by land, with Capt. Robertson. The child was killed in the confusion of unloading the boat. Mrs. Peyton was a daughter of Jonathan Jennings. After a long time, they got the boat off. The two young men were met by several canoes full of Indians, and were taken prisoners, and carried to the town of Chickamanga, where they killed and burned the young man. Jennings was about to share the same fate, when a trader, named Rogers, paid a handsome ransom for him, and saved his life. The fleet having encamped on the northern shore, the next morning about four o'clock they heard the cry of "Help!" on the river; and poor Jennings came up in a wretched condition, having thrown all their goods into the river. Col. Donelson states he cannot tell how they

escaped with their lives, as their boat, and even their clothing, was pierced with many bullets, while none of them were wounded.

On the twelfth of March, they reached the Muscle shoals; and though none of them had ever navigated the river, they committed themselves to the care of Providence, and passed through in safety. On the fourteenth, they were fired on by the Indians, and five of the crews were wounded. On the twentieth, they arrived at the mouth of the Tennessee river, and were worn down with hunger and fatigue, their provisions having failed. New difficulties arose, and their situation was truly disagreeable. The Ohio river was very high, their boats were not suited to ascend a rapid current, and they knew not the distance before them, nor the length of time it would take to reach their place of destination. Some of the boats descended the river, and went on to Natchez; but Col. Donelson, and the greater part of the company, ascended the river. On the twenty-fourth, they reached the mouth of the Cumberland river, where some of the company declared it was too small to be the Cumberland river. But as they had never heard of any river running in between the Cumberland and the Tennessee, they started up it, and soon became

convinced that it was the Cumberland river. They travelled slowly, and killed buffalo for meat, which, however, they found very poor, as it was in the hardest of the winter. On the twelfth of April, they came to the mouth of a little river, running in on the north side, called Red river by the Messrs. Renfroe and company, who ascended it for the purpose of making a settlement. Col. Donelson and the others proceeded up the Cumberland river, and on the twenty-fourth of April they arrived at their point of destination, where they had the pleasure of delivering to Capt. Robertson and others their families and friends, whom they had despaired of ever meeting again.

I have thus far given you an outline of Col. Donelson's journal, which, though desultory, will, I hope, be satisfactory to you. You see it took these bold adventurers four months to complete their journey. In view of the coldness of the winter, the frequent attacks from the Indians, and the failure in their provisions, this successful expedition was one of the most remarkable achievements in the settlement of this country.

CHAPTER II.

Col. Donelson, accompanied by Hugh Rogan and others, settled on Stone's river, and built a fort at the point now known as Clover Bottom. The Renfroes, Turpins, and Johns, built a fort near the mouth of Red river. But a large number of the emigrants who had come round by water were scattered among the various stations already mentioned in this narrative. Thus it appears that the whole population of Middle Tennessee at that time comprised only the occupants of seven or eight forts. That year (1778) the settlers all planted corn.

This little colony was in the heart of the Indian country, several hundred miles from any assistance, and much farther from the seat of government. North Carolina was engaged in the Revolutionary war, and could not, therefore, minister to the wants of her colony upon the distant frontier. The Indians soon found out the settlers, and commenced hostilities against them. In the spring the first man was killed by them.

His name was Milligan. Soon afterward they killed Joseph Hay, at a point near the bluff; also a man named Bernard. Next they killed another man named Milligan; also Jonathan Jennings and Ned Cower. At Asher's Station they killed a man named Paine, wounded another man, and stole their horses; after which the settlers became so frightened that they broke up and went to Mansker's Station. Thus the Indians extended their hostilities to all the forts in the country, except Mansker's Station, the situation of which it seemed they were later in finding out than that of any of the other forts. But at Mansker's Station the settlers were fated not to be exempt from sufferings. They stood in great need of salt, fresh meat being their entire living. They failed in an attempt to make salt at Mansker's Lick; after which they went down to Neely's Lick, now called Neely's Bend, and there they met with better success in obtaining salt. William Neely took with him one of his daughters, for the purpose, I suppose, of having her to cook for the men employed in making salt. She was a very interesting and smart girl, about sixteen years of age. The company not being very apprehensive of danger, went off to their work, leaving the father and daughter by themselves at the camp.

But the next day when they returned they found Neely murdered and scalped, while the girl was missing. She was taken prisoner, and was with the Indians for a long time. At length, having been released, she married in Kentucky, and, I am told, made an excellent wife.

At Donelson's Fort the Indians became so troublesome that the settlement was broken up in the latter part of the summer. Col. Donelson, Caffrey, Hutchings, Cartwright, and Hugh Rogan, went to Mansker's Station, and the others went to the French Lick. As already noticed, the Renfroes and others made a settlement on Red river. The Indians soon discovered them, and killed Nathan Turpin and another man; and the settlement was abandoned. The Renfroes took their families and carried them to the French Lick. Having obtained assistance at the Bluff, they returned to get their plunder, and to help away those of the settlers whom they had left at the Fort. The lack of horses was the reason, I suppose, why they did not all go off together. Having obtained their plunder, they started back, and at night camped on a small stream, since called Battle Creek, a few miles north of Sycamore Creek. Early in the morning the Indians attacked them, and killed Joseph Renfroe and

old Mr. Johns and his family, consisting of ten or twelve persons. Henry Ramsey, "the bravest of the brave," brought off Mrs. Jones in safety to the Bluff. At length the Indians, directing their attention to Mansker's Station, killed David Gion, Patrick Quigley, Betsy Kennedy, John Shockley, James Lumsley, and William Neely. In the fall, Col. Donelson, Hugh Logan, William Cartwright, and others, took two small boats and went up to Clover Bottom Fort to bring down their crop of corn. The boats having been loaded, one of them started, while the other remained at the shore; the first boat had gone but a short distance when it was attacked by the Indians, and Abel Gower, Sr., Abel Gower, Jr., William Cartwright, and John Robertson, a son of Capt. Robertson, were all killed. Col. Donelson, Hugh Rogan, and the remainder of the company, escaped in safety to Mansker's Station. The next morning the ill-fated boat, with a dead man in it, was overhauled at the Bluff. At Mansker's Station the settlers became so alarmed that they determined to break up. One of the number, James McCain, now about eighty-seven years old, informs me that all who could get horses went to Kentucky. That brave Irishman, Hugh Rogan, took charge of the widow Neely and her

family, and conducted them in safety to Kentucky. I knew him well, and can say truly, he was a soldier and a patriot. His two sons, respectable and worthy citizens, are now living in Sumner county.

At the close of the year 1780, the distressed colony was reduced to three or four forts. In the spring of 1781, the Indians again commenced hostilities. In the month of April, a large force of Cherokees advanced with the determination, doubtless, of driving the whole body of the settlers from the country. During the previous year they had been so successful in breaking up and burning the forts, that they could not bear the idea of yielding their favorite hunting-ground without a deadly struggle. The plan of attack decided against the settlement at the Bluff was well laid. They approached secretly under the cover of the night. One party took their stand at the branch between Broad street and College Hill, while the other stood about half-way between that point and the fort. Soon after daylight, a few of them, advancing, fired upon the fort and then retreated up the river. Immediately eighteen or twenty men mounted their horses and started in pursuit—having not the least idea of the large force in their vicinity.

They followed the retreating party up the river, passing by those lying between the branch and the fort, and wholly unconscious of the ambuscade. Having arrived at the branch, they were attacked by the Indians, and dismounting, they returned the fire with great effect. At this juncture, the Indians lying between the branch and the fort extended their line to the river, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the settlers. The poor fellows soon saw their dreadful situation—having to contend with a hundred or more savages. About this time the horses became frightened and ran off, going south of the enemy's line, between the branch and the fort, and a number of the Indians pursued them by the fort to the French Lick. At the same time the dogs, hearing the firing of guns, started off in the direction of the sound; and having been trained to fight the Indians, they fell upon the remainder of them who had not gone in pursuit of the horses, so that they had as much as they could do to fight the dogs. If it had not been for this occurrence, it is probable that not one of the poor fellows would have ever reached the fort. As it was, they were closely pursued. An Indian overtook Ned Swanson not far from the fort, and had his gun right against him, but fortunately it

missed fire. Swanson seized the gun by the muzzle, and in the struggle the priming was lost out of the pan. Then the Indian clubbed the gun, and knocking Swanson down, was in the act of tomahawking him. Old Mr. Buchanan, the father of Major Buchanan, seeing the dreadful situation of Swanson, rushed from the fort with his rifle, fired, and killed the Indian, and then brought the rescued man into the fort. Isaac Lucas got within a short distance of the fort when his thigh was broken, and an Indian rushed up to scalp him. Fortunately, his gun was loaded; and lying upon the ground, he fired, and the Indian fell dead by his side. Great efforts were made by the Indians to drag off their slain warrior, and get the scalp of Lucas. But from the fort they poured death upon them, and finally drove them off and brought Lucas in from his perilous situation. In this battle, the Indians killed Peter Gill, John Kesenger, Alexander Buchanan, George Kennedy, Zachariah White, Capt. Leiper, and J. Kennedy; and they wounded James Menefee, Kasper Mansker, Isaac Lucas, Joseph Moonshaw, and others. The horses, saddles, and bridles, fell into the hands of the Indians. The number of Indians killed could never be ascertained. The one killed by Lucas

could not be carried off by his comrades, and the dead body of another was found on College Hill; and besides these there were doubtless many others killed who were taken off by the warriors. The Indians withdrew at ten o'clock. That night another attack was made upon the fort, supposed to be by a party who had not arrived in time to partake in the battle of that morning. The men in the fort loaded a swivel, and giving the party a broadside, made them leave in haste. But hostilities still continued, and during that year the Indians killed William Hood, Peter Renfroe, Jacob Freeland, and many others.

During that year, the Indians made an attack upon Freeland's Station. That night Capt. Robertson happened at the fort. He was a man who was always watching, and hearing a noise, he arose and went out of doors. The Indians had opened the gate of the fort, and a number of them had effected an entrance. Capt. Robertson raised the alarm, and the men rushed out of their houses. The Indians fired upon them and retreated from the fort. They killed Major Lucas, and a negro boy of Capt. Robertson's. The men in the fort fired severely upon the Indians, and Capt. Robertson killed one of them. Without doubt, if Capt. Robertson had not been at the

fort, it would have fallen into the hands of the Indians. His vigilance and bravery saved the people from slaughter.

This year, 1781, was marked by the loss of many valuable men. 1782 was commenced with violent attacks upon the settlers. They were so harassed that they could not plant their corn nor hunt game without exposing themselves to the danger of being waylaid and killed by the savages. The colony, though their number had been increased during the past year by the arrival of a few more emigrants, became discouraged, and having held a council, they determined to leave the country. Such a step, however, was violently opposed by Capt. Robertson. He told them it was impossible to get away, because the Indians would waylay and kill them. He reminded them of the hardships already endured by them, and pointed to the beautiful country of which they had thus obtained possession. He urged them to remain another year, in the hope of reinforcements sufficient to put an end to hostilities. Through his influence they agreed to give the settlement the benefit of another year's trial, and the result justified the expectations raised by his counsels. The Revolutionary War was brought to an end, and North Carolina began

to notice her distant colonists, and legislate for their benefit.

In the fall of 1782, two young men, named Mason, went from Killgore's Station to a clay lick to watch for deer. They hid themselves in a very secret place, and after a little while six or eight Indians marched up into the lick. The young men fired and killed two of the Indians; the remainder of them retreated. The young men ran back to the fort, and having obtained a company, returned to the lick and scalped the two Indians killed by them. That night John and Ephraim Peyton stayed at Killgore's Station, and the next morning, it having been found that their horses, as well as all those about the fort, were stolen, they made instant pursuit after them. Overtaking the Indians on Peyton's Creek, they fired and killed one, and recovered all the horses. On their return, and while they were encamped for the night, the Indians took a circuitous route, and got between them and the fort. The next day, as they were proceeding on their journey, the Indians fired upon them, and having killed Josiah Hauskins, and one of the Masons, they retreated. The settlers became so alarmed that they broke up Killgore's Station, and went to the French Lick.

There being no laws instituted by the State for the colony, the settlers, soon after their arrival at the Bluff, appointed trustees, and signed a covenant binding themselves to conform to the judgment and decisions of these officers, in whom they vested the powers of government. The trustees acted both as judiciary and executive, and their action in these respects gave general satisfaction. They were allowed neither fees nor salary in those times of primitive honesty and old-fashioned public spirit; though to the clerk appointed by the trustees was given a small compensation for the purchase of writing-paper. The trustees also were authorized to celebrate the rites of matrimony. Under this patriarchal government by trustees selected on account of their experience, probity, and firmness, the colony was planted, defended, regulated, and provided for, generally, for several years; and the administration of justice and the protection of rights, though simple and a little irregular, were, it is believed, as perfect and satisfactory as they have been at any subsequent period in the history of the country. The founder of the colony, Capt. Robertson, was, of course, one of the trustees, and he was the first officer who celebrated the rites of matrimony. The persons married by him were

Capt. Leiper and his wife. James Shaw, whom I knew well, was also a trustee. He married Edward Swanson to the widow Corwin, James Freeland to the widow Maxwell, Cornelius Riddle to Miss Jane Mulherrin, and John Tucker to Miss Jenny Herod, all in one day, and a pretty good day's work it was. The first child born in the country was John Saunders, and the second was Anna Wells. The first child born in Nashville was the son of Capt. Robertson—the venerable Dr. Felix Robertson, now living in Nashville.

CHAPTER III.

In 1783, the Legislature of North Carolina, assembled at Hillsboro', erected the county of Davidson, named in honor of Col. Davidson, who was killed on the Catawba, while trying to check the progress of the British troops in pursuit of Gen. Morgan, on his march from the battle of the Cowpens. The Legislature also established a town at the bluff, and called it Nashville, in honor of Col. Francis Nash, who fell at the head of his regiment at the battle of Germantown. At the same time, the Legislature appointed the civil and military officers of the county of Davidson. The first court was held in October, 1783. Isaac Bledsoe, Samuel Barton, Francis Prince, and Isaac Lindsey, were "sworn in" as magistrates. The oldest man had the oath administered to him by the one next in seniority, and then he administered the oath to the others. Andrew Ewing was elected clerk; Daniel Williams, sheriff; Samuel Barton, entry-taker; and Francis Prince, register. The court then nominated constables

for the several stations: Samuel Mason, at Mauldin's and Kilgore's; James McCain, at Mansker's; Stephen Ray, at Eaton's; Edward Swanson, at Freeland's; John McAdams, at Nashville. The court next proceeded to select a place for the building of a court-house and jail; and it was agreed that, in view of the situation of the settlement, it should be at Nashville. It was ordered that the court-house should be eighteen feet square, with a shed twelve feet in width, extending the length of the house, and that it should be furnished with a bar and benches fit for the sitting of the court. It was ordered that the jail should be fourteen feet square, of hewn logs twelve inches square, for the walls and loft, and the floor also, unless the building should be upon a rock; the work to be done at the lowest price.

The following military officers were "sworn in:" Anthony Bledsoe, colonel; Isaac Bledsoe, first major; Samuel Barton, second Major; Kasper Mansker, first captain; George Freeland, second captain; John Buchanan, third captain; James Lord, fourth captain; William Ramsey, Jonathan Drake, Ambrose Mauldin, and Peter Lides, lieutenants; William Collins and Elmore Douglass, ensigns.

The prospects of the colony began to brighten; and that great and good man, Gen. Robertson, realized his expectations. Middle Tennessee is under stronger obligations to him than to any man that ever lived in the country. The truth is, none could have managed like he our Indian affairs. Nevertheless, he has been greatly neglected by historians. A slight sketch of his public life will not here be out of place: In 1769 he emigrated from North Carolina to Watauga, on the Holston river, and assisted the Shelbys, Seviers, and others, in planting the first colony in that section of the country. There he braved great dangers and suffered many privations from the depredations of the Indians. Indeed, the entire frontier of Virginia was then exposed to the cruelties of the savages. We were under the British rule at that time; and Lord Dunmore ordered an army to be raised and marched to the Ohio river. Gen. Robertson was one of the volunteers in that army. This was in 1774. Gen. Andrew Lewis was ordered to raise four regiments of militia and volunteers from the south-western counties, and to rendezvous at Camp Union, and to march thence down the great Kenhawa to the Ohio river. Captain Shelby raised a company of volunteers from Watauga, and among

them was Gen. Robertson. They joined Gen. Lewis at the great levels of Green Brier. Their route lay through a trackless wilderness, down the rugged banks of the Kenhawa, through deep defiles and mountain gorges, where a pathway had never been opened. Twenty-five days were consumed in slow and toilsome marches. On the 6th of October, the army reached the Ohio. The camp was upon the site of the present town of Point Pleasant. The troops being upon short allowance, select parties of hunters were kept constantly on duty to supply them with food. On the morning of the 10th, about the break of day, James Robertson and Valentine Sevier started out hunting. They had not gone far before they met the great Indian army, who would have fallen upon Gen. Lewis's camp in a few minutes. Robertson and Sevier fired upon them, and, while the savages were in confusion, retreated with all speed into the camp. The battle soon commenced, and lasted till late in the evening; being, no doubt, the longest one ever fought by the Indians against the whites in this whole country. At length, the Indians were driven over the Ohio river. I knew quite a number of men who were in that battle. Next, I find Gen. Robertson, in 1779, as already noticed, planting

a colony on the Bluff, where now stands the city of Nashville. In 1783, he held a treaty with the Chickasaws, who had been our enemies. The Mountain-leader, accompanied by some of the principal chiefs of the nation, came to Gen. Robertson, and a treaty was held between them. They ceded a portion of their hunting-ground to North Carolina. The Mountain-leader, who was naturally one of the shrewdest of men, proved a true friend to the whites. Frequent were the warnings he gave us when we were about to be attacked by the Creeks and Cherokees. When the treaty was made, he proposed to Gen. Robertson to clear out a road from Nashville to his nation, cutting out all the briers and bushes, so that they could pass and repass from one to the other. The holding of this treaty was chiefly due to Gen. Robertson. Ten years of his life Gen. Robertson spent in East Tennessee, where he had frequent brushes with the Indians, and fifteen years in Middle Tennessee—making twenty-five years on the frontiers among the Indians; and I do not believe any man could have managed Indian affairs better than Gen. Robertson. He lived to see Tennessee become a great State. The last time I saw him was in 1813, on our return-march from Natchez. He was then Agent in the Chick-

asaw Nation. I discovered that time had laid a heavy hand upon him. He died, I believe, in 1814, at the Agency. Peace to his ashes. I trust that he will be remembered with gratitude by generations to come, and that they will rise up and call him blessed—the father of their country.

Towards the end of the year 1782, or at the beginning of 1783, Kasper Mansker, with many others, built a fort on the east side of Mansker's Creek, about a mile above the fort he had built in 1780. In the fall of 1783, James McCain, James Franklin, Elmore Douglass, Charles Carter, and others, made a settlement on the west side of Big Station Camp Creek, where the upper Nashville road crosses the creek. The widow Clark is now living at the very place. In 1784, Col. Isaac Bledsoe built a fort at Bledsoe's Lick; the land is now owned by Jerry Belote. During the same year, Col. Anthony Bledsoe built a fort at "Greenfield," about two and a half miles north of Bledsoe's Lick, on a beautiful eminence, and in the heart of one of the richest bodies of land in Sumner county; the place is now owned by David Chenault. In 1786, Esquire John Morgan built a fort on the west side of Bledsoe's Creek, near the mouth of the "Dry Fork," about

two and a half miles north-west of Greenfield. This fort was also on a beautiful eminence, in the midst of a very fertile country; the land is now owned by William Baskerville. In 1788, I helped to build a fort at the head of Drake's Creek, on the top of the ridge, about five or six miles north of Shackle Island. It was called the Ridge, or Hamilton's Station. The land, I am told, is now owned by the widow Hunt. In 1790, or 1791, Major James White built a fort about three and a half miles north-east of Gallatin, on the waters of Desha's creek, a west fork of Bledsoe's creek. About the same time, Col. Saunders built a fort on the west side of Desha's Creek, about two and a half miles from White's Station. White's is now owned by the widow Martin, and Saunders's by Dr. Raymond Head. In 1790, or 1791, Jacob Zigler built a fort about a mile and a half north of Cairo, on the western branch of Bledsoe's Creek. This fort was taken by the Indians in 1792. There were four killed and four wounded, and thirteen prisoners carried to the nation. I was one of the men who followed them. The land of Zigler's Station is now owned by James Charlton. In 1790, or 1791, Captain Joseph Wilson built a fort about three miles south-east of Gallatin; it was called the

"Walnut-field" Station. The land is now owned by the heirs of Darnel. The different forts in Davidson county I leave for my brother pioneers there to point out, if it is thought desirable that their localities should not be lost from memory. It is not to be understood that these stations were all continued till the close of the Indian war in 1795. The three upper stations — Morgan's, Greenfield, and the Lick—I believe, were kept up till the close of the war. There were no settlements east of them. There were quite a number of farms opened and improvements made from Bledsoe's to Mansker's Creek, and from the river mouth to the ridge. There were no settlements south of Cumberland river till after the close of the war.

CHAPTER IV.

THE county of Sumner was established in 1785 or 1786. It was named in honor of Gen. Jethro Sumner, a brave officer of the North Carolina line throughout the revolutionary war. I have examined the old records of this county, and found that the first court was held on the second Monday in April, 1787, at the house of John Hamilton. The following gentlemen took the oath as magistrates for the county: Gen. Daniel Smith, Major David Wilson, Major George Winchester, Isaac Lindsey, William Hall, John Hardin, and Joseph Keykendall. David Shelby was appointed clerk of the county court—an office which he held during his life. John Hardin, Jr., was appointed sheriff, and Isaac Lindsey ranger. Soon afterwards, Col. Ed. Douglass and Col. Isaac Bledsoe were added to the Bench. I have no doubt these gentlemen composed the strongest county court that has ever met in this county. The majority of them were men of first-rate talents. They used to meet and attend

to the business of the county in a few hours. Times have very much changed since their day.

It was about the year 1786, or 1787, that the people of Sumner county began to suffer very seriously from the depredations of the Indians. I shall now attempt to give the names of the persons killed in Sumner county, as far as I know, from that time to the close of the war. I need not be particular in referring to dates, but will try to be so as regards names and localities. The Indians killed Mr. Price and his wife down the creek just below Gallatin. They killed John Pervine, about two miles north-east of Gallatin at Dr. Donnel's. They killed John Beard, near the head of Big Station Camp Creek. They killed three sons of William Montgomery, named John, Thomas, and Robert, about two and a half miles below Shackle Island, on Drake's Creek. They killed Robert Jones, near where Major Wilson settled, about two miles east of Gallatin. They came very near killing Mrs. Parker, formerly Mrs. Anthony Bledsoe, but they were kept at bay by Thomas Spencer, "the bravest of the brave," while she made her escape. They killed Richard Bartly, near the Walnut-field fort; and Henry Howdyshell and Samuel Farr, in the same vicinity. They killed Major George Winchester,

near the site of Gallatin, while he was on his way to court. He was an excellent man, and we suffered a great loss in his death. The Indians killed Benjamin Williams and his wife, about two and a half miles north of Gallatin, on the plantation now owned by James House, Esq. They killed John Edwards, about four miles north-west of Gallatin, near the spot where Salem Church now stands. They killed Robert Brigham, near White's Station, and William Bratton, near the same place. They killed James Dickinson, between White's Station and Col. Saunders's Fort; also two sons of Col. Saunders, whose names I have forgotten, and two sons of Robert Desha: their names were Benjamin and Robert. Near the same place, also, they killed Benjamin Keykendall. They killed old Mr. Morgan, the father of Esquire John Morgan, who owned the fort near that place. They killed James Steele and his daughter Elizabeth, a grown young lady, while they were passing from Greenfield to Morgan Station. At Greenfield, one morning, when the hands had gone out into the field to plough, an attack was made by a large body of Indians; and a young man named Jarvis, and a negro man, were killed by them. Immediately, William Hall, William Neely, William Wilson, and James Hays encoun-

tered the Indians, and contended with them for some time. Hall and Hays each killed an Indian, and no doubt others were killed, and finally the whole body retreated before these four men. Their bravery on this occasion, I presume, was never surpassed anywhere in the country. Hall and Neely had each lost a father and two brothers by the hands of the savages. Captain Alexander Neely and his two sons were killed about a mile from Bledsoe's Lick, at the place where the widow Parker now lives. They killed old Mr. Peyton, grandfather of the Hon. Baylie Peyton, at Bledsoe's Lick. They killed Captain Charles Morgan and old Mr. Gibson, near where Gen. Hall now lives. They killed Henry Ramsey, near where Rural Academy now stands, between Greenfield and Bledsoe's Lick. They killed William Ramsey, at the mouth of the lane leading from Bledsoe's Lick Fort to Bledsoe's Creek. They killed two men down on Bledsoe's Creek—the name of one was Waters, that of the other I do not recollect. They killed John Bartly, Jr., near Greenfield. They killed James Hall, brother of Gen. Hall, near the present residence of the latter, who was with him, and made a hair's-breadth escape. They killed Major William Hall, the General's father, and his brother Richard, and a

young man named Hickerson, while they were all moving from where the General now lives to the fort at the Lick. Old Mrs. Hall, and the General, and his brother John, and sister Prudence, with all the negroes, made their escape. This affair was, indeed, a dreadful calamity. The same night they killed Col. Anthony Bledsoe, and a young man named Campbell, at the fort at Bledsoe's Lick; and after that they killed Thomas Bledsoe, a grown young man, son of Col. Anthony Bledsoe. They also killed Col. Isaac Bledsoe, near the Station at Bledsoe's Lick; and, besides these, two sons—one of Col. Isaac and one of Col. Anthony, both named Anthony—while they were boarding at Gen. Smith's, and going to school on Drake's Creek, near Hendersonville. They killed Nathan Latimore and David Scoby, citizens of Sumner county, near the Rock Island, on Caney Fork, when Lieut. Snoddy had a severe battle with the Indians, in which he defeated them, and returned home with great honor. They killed Robert Hardin while he was hunting on the Cumberland river, near Fort Blount. They killed John Lawrence, William Haynes, and Michael Hampton, on the north side of the ridge, either at the head of Red river, or on the waters of Drake's Creek, I believe in Sumner county. They killed Arm-

sted Morgan, a brother of Captain Charles Morgan, and a fine-humored, well-disposed young man, while he was guiding through from "South-west Point" Captain Handly and a company of men for the protection of the Cumberland settlements. When they had arrived at the "Crab Orchard," on this side of the "South-west Point," they were attacked by a large body of Indians, and Armsted Morgan and two other men were killed. Captain Handly's men were thrown into confusion, and, while he was trying to rally them, he was surrounded by the Indians. But he fought so bravely with his sword that Archy Coody, the half-breed, was struck with admiration, and springing in, he saved his life. He was taken prisoner, and carried, I believe, to Willstown, in the Cherokee Nation. Col. Brown states in his narrative, that he "was present at Knoxville when Coody, the half-breed, brought Captain Handly into Knoxville, and was introduced by Captain Handly to Governor Sevier and the other eminent men present, with the words, 'This, gentlemen, is my deliverer.' Captain Handly died in Lincoln county, in this State, about the year 1846. He was a very religious, as well as a brave man." Thomas Spencer was killed between Carthage and "South-west Point,"

at a place now called Spencer's Hill. Captain John Hickerson was killed on Smith's Fork, now in De Kalb county, where Gen. Winchester had a brush with the Indians. They killed Jacob Zigler, Michael Shaver, Archy Wilson, and a negro girl, when Zigler's Station was captured. There may have been other persons killed by the Indians in this county; but if there were, I do not recollect them. With a few exceptions, all of those killed were residents of Sumner county; and surely its settlement was paid for in blood.

In the deaths of Col. Isaac Bledsoe, Col. Anthony Bledsoe, Major George Winchester, and Major William Hall, Sumner county suffered great loss, as they were, in a great degree, the file-leaders of the people. However, there were other prominent men, who managed our affairs, both civil and military, with much propriety; and among these were Gen. James Winchester, Gen. Daniel Smith, Col. Ed. Douglass, Major David Wilson, David Shelby, and others.

While we were harassed by the Indians, in 1787, the State of North Carolina legislated in behalf of her settlements in the Cumberland country, and agreed to send us a battalion of men. They were commanded by Major Evans, and were called Evans's battalion. The soldiers were

to have four hundred acres of land as bounty, and the officers were to receive in proportion. Captain William Martin (afterwards Col. Martin, who died in Smith county) commanded one company; and Captain Joshua Hadley, who died some years ago in this county, commanded another company. The battalion continued here about two years, and rendered great service in guarding our forts and in pursuing the Indians when they had committed murder or stolen horses. The Legislature of North Carolina intended, I suppose, that the soldiers should be supported by the people of this country. At the October term of the county court of Davidson, in 1787, a tax was levied for the support of the troops that were stationed in that county. The record reads thus:

"*Resolved*, That, for the better furnishing of the troops now coming into the country, under the command of Major Evans, with provisions, etc., that one-fourth of the tax of this county be paid in *corn*, two-fourths in *beef*, *pork*, *bear-meat*, and *venison*, one-eighth in *salt*, and one-eighth in *money*, to defray the expense of moving the provisions from the place of collection to the troops; and that the following places be appointed in each captain's company for the inhabitants to deliver in each his proportion of the above tax,

namely: [Here follow the several stations.] . . . And it is hereby resolved, That the following species of provisions be received at the undermentioned prices: *corn* at four shillings per bushel, *beef* at five dollars per hundred, *pork* at eight dollars per hundred, good *bear-meat, without bones,* at eight dollars per hundred, *venison* at ten shillings per hundred, and *salt* at sixteen dollars per bushel; and the superintendent is hereby directed to call for such proportions of the aforesaid tax as the commanding officer of the troops shall direct; and on any person or persons failing to deliver his or their quotas at the time and place directed, to give notice thereof to the sheriff, who is hereby directed to distrain immediately."

I presume it would be a hard matter for the people of Davidson county, at this day, to pay their taxes in *bear-meat and venison!*

From 1790 to the close of the war, scouts were kept out nearly all the time; and we frequently met with the Indians and gave them pretty severe brushes. Gen. Robertson had a set of brave men about Nashville, who did good service in pursuing the Indians. Capt. John Rains, Capt. John Gordon, and Capt. Thomas Maury, with their followers, were always ready at a minute's

warning. Capt. Rains gave the Indians many a brush, and killed large numbers of them. One of the most successful trips was made by Capt. Maury. The Indians having killed a man named John Heiling, at Jonathan Robertson's, and having stolen a great many horses, Gen. Robertson gave orders to Capt. Maury to pursue them. Capt. Maury's company was composed of daring fellows, such as Col. William Pillow, and others who might be mentioned. They pursued the Indians almost night and day, and overtook them on the Tennessee river. They charged upon them, and killed seven warriors, and took two squaws prisoners, recaptured all the horses, and got possession of their camp equipage. Thus successful, they returned home with great applause. Capt. Maury commanded a company at the taking of Nickajack. He was afterwards promoted, and became major. He settled in Sumner county, raised a family, and died there, after having sustained the character of a respectable citizen.

While we were under a territorial government, a county was laid off on Red river, and called Tennessee county. It embraced all that section of country now composing the counties of Robertson and Montgomery. Considerable settle-

ments were made from the mouth to the head of Red river—particularly where Springfield now stands. The leading men in that county were Gen. Thomas Johnson, father of the Hon. Cave Johnson, Francis and William Prince, the Forts, and others. The Indians did a good deal of mischief among them. They killed Mrs. Roberts and Thomas Reasons and his wife, and plundered their houses. On another occasion, they killed Col. Isaac Titsworth, John Titsworth, and others —seven white persons in all—and took several prisoners. They were pursued immediately, and that fact having been discovered by them, they tomahawked and scalped three children. Valentine Sevier had settled about where Clarksville now stands, and had there a small station. The Indians made an attack during the absence of all the men except Sevier and Snyder. Mr. Snyder and his wife and son John, Joseph Sevier, John Sevier, and Ann King and her son James, were killed. Besides, many other depredations were committed in that county down to the close of the war.

CHAPTER V.

In the year 1795, Gov. Blount, in accordance with the action of the General Assembly, secured an enumeration of the population in the territory south of the Ohio river; and it appeared that there were seventy-seven thousand two hundred and sixty-two inhabitants contained in eleven counties, three in Middle Tennessee and eight in East Tennessee. Whereupon proclamation was made, and an election held for five members from each county, to represent the people in a Convention for the formation of a Constitution preparatory to the admission of the territory as a State of the Federal Union. The Convention met at Knoxville, January 11th, 1796, and the following gentlemen presented their credentials and took their seats as members, namely: David Craig, James Greenaway, Joseph Black, Samuel Glass, James Houston, from the county of Blount; John McNairy, Andrew Jackson, James Robertson, Thomas Hardeman, Joel Lewis, from the

county of Davidson; Samuel Frazier, Stephen Brooks, William Rankin, John Galbreath, Elisha Baker, from the county of Greene; James Berry, Thomas Henderson, Joseph McMinn, William Cocke, Richard Mitchell, from the county of Hawkins; Alexander Outlaw, Joseph Anderson, George Doherty, William Roddye, Archibald Roane, from the county of Jefferson; William Blount, James White, Charles McClung, John Adair, John Crawford, from the county of Knox; George Rutledge, William C. C. Clairborne, John Shelby, Jr., John Rhea, Richard Gammon, from the county of Sullivan; Peter Bryan, Samuel Wear, Spencer Clack, John Clack, Thomas Buchanan, from the county of Sevier; Thomas Johnson, James Ford, William Ford, Robert Prince, William Prince, from the county of Tennessee; Landon Carter, John Tipton, Leroy Taylor, James Stuart, Samuel Handly, from the county of Washington; and David Shelby, Isaac Walton, William Douglass, Edward Douglass, Daniel Smith, from the county of Sumner.

The Convention proceeded to the choice of a president, when William Blount was unanimously elected and conducted to the chair. I have but little doubt that this Convention framed and adopted one of the best Constitutions in the

United States. Our State was named TENNESSEE.

The first Legislature of the new State convened at Knoxville, March 28th, 1796. James Winchester was Senator from the county of Sumner, James Ford from the county of Tennessee, and Joel Lewis from the county of Davidson. The Representatives from Sumner were Stephen Cantrell and William Montgomery; from Tennessee, Thomas Johnson and William Ford; and from Davidson, Robert Weakley and Seth Lewis.

The Indian war having ceased in 1795, there was an immense immigration to our country, and large settlements were made, so that new counties sprang up as it were almost by magic. The county of Tennessee was divided, and out of it the counties of Robertson and Montgomery were formed, in honor of Gen. Robertson and Col. Montgomery respectively: the latter gentleman was killed below Clarksville. The county of Sumner was, at the session of the Legislature in 1799, reduced to its constitutional limits, and a new county, by the name of Smith, established, the first court for which was held at the house of Major Tilman Dixon. This county was named for Gen. Daniel Smith, a native of Virginia, who was appointed by Gov. Jefferson a commissioner to run

the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. He was also appointed Secretary of the Territory, and was a member of the Convention of 1796. Subsequently he was one of the United States Senators from Tennessee. I knew him well; he was an excellent surveyor, and a well-cultivated and intelligent man. During the same session, another new county — Wilson — was formed: named in honor of Major David Wilson, who settled in Sumner county at an early day. It was said that he was an active and valuable officer in the Revolutionary war. He was a member of the Territorial Assembly, and was speaker of the House of Representatives. He was an honest and highly meritorious citizen. I knew him long and well. The first court for Wilson county was held at the house of Capt. John Harpole. The first magistrates were Charles Kavanaugh, John Allcorn, John Lancaster, Elmore Douglass, John Doke, Matthew Figures, Henry Ross, William Grey, Andrew Donelson, and William McClain. Robert Foster was elected clerk; Charles Rosborough, sheriff; William Grey, ranger; and John Allcorn, register. Not long afterwards, another new county was laid off, called Rutherford, in honor of Gen. Griff Rutherford, a native of North Carolina, and, I am told, an excellent

officer during the Revolutionary war. He was a man of great worth. He ended his days in Sumner county.

At this stage of my narrative, I must mention particularly several men who were prominent among us in the early settlement of this country —men whose memories should be cherished by the people.

KASPER MANSKER.

Kasper Mansker was one of the first pioneers. In June, 1769, a company of adventurers, consisting of twenty men or more, was formed for the purpose of hunting game and exploring the country now known as Middle Tennessee. Among these were Kasper Mansker, John Rains, Abram Bledsoe, John Baker, Joseph Drake, Obadiah Terril, Uriah Stone, Henry Smith, Ned Cowan, and Robert Crockett. They were from Virginia and North Carolina. They were well equipped with guns and ammunition, and with every thing else that was essential to a protracted hunting and exploring expedition. After having met on New river, they went to the head of Holston river, the north fork of which they crossed; travelling on, they crossed Clinch river and Powell's river; and, passing through the Cumberland

Mountain gap, they fell over upon the Cumberland river, and proceeding down it, they fixed their camp at a place since called Price's Meadows, in Wayne county, Kentucky. They explored the country south and south-west, as low as the Caney Fork. They hunted mostly on Roaring river and Obed's river, which took its name from old Obadiah Terril, a man with whom I was well acquainted. The country abounded with game, and the hunters were very successful. They hunted and explored for a long time—I believe till the spring of 1770—when part of the company returned home. Kasper Mansker, and eight or ten others, having built boats, or "dug-outs," went with the proceeds of their hunt down the Cumberland river. They were, doubtless, the first white men that navigated that stream. They discovered the French Lick; and Mansker stated that he had never before seen such vast herds of buffalo—the whole face of the country seeming to be alive with them. The voyagers continued down stream into the Ohio river, and thence to Natchez, which then belonged to Spain. There they sold the proceeds of their hunt; after which Mansker, with some others, returned to New river, in Virginia, and the remainder of the company settled at Natchez. The adventurers who

returned to Virginia and North Carolina gave such wonderful, glowing accounts of the abundance of game and the fertility of the soil on the Cumberland river, that the fever of exploring the West became very intense.

In the fall of 1771, Kasper Mansker, with the adventurers, made another trip to the country now known as Middle Tennessee. Mansker was the leader of the company; and some of the others were Isaac Bledsoe, John Montgomery, Joseph Drake, James Knox, Henry Suggs, William Allen, and William and David Lynch. They were called the Long Hunters. Arriving in the country, they pitched their station camp near the spot where Dr. Anderson now resides, on the Turnpike road from Nashville to Gallatin; and that is the way Station Camp took its name. Each hunter made a discovery, which has been signalized by the name of the discoverer. Mansker's Lick and Mansker's Creek, Bledsoe's Lick and Bledsoe's Creek, and Drake's Lick and Drake's Creek, took their names from Mansker, Bledsoe, and Drake. Stoner's Lick and Stoner's Creek were named for Mike Stoner, a Dutchman. Flinn's Lick and Flinn's Creek, in Jackson county, were named for George Flinn. Barton Creek, where Lebanon now stands, was called for

Col. Samuel Barton. Spencer's Lick and Spencer's Creek were called for Thomas Spencer—of whom I will write hereafter.

Mansker stated that, when he discovered the two licks, the upper and the lower, which were only a few hundred yards apart, in passing from one to the other, he killed nineteen deer. Col. Isaac Bledsoe stated that when he discovered Bledsoe's Lick, the buffaloes were so numerous that, though on horseback, he was fearful of being run over and trampled to death by them. Indeed, the country abounded with buffaloes, bears, and all kinds of game. This company of hunters and explorers, under the leadership of Kasper Mansker, having constructed huts out of buffalo-hides, remained during the winter; and, having made a great hunt, and explored the beautiful country of Middle Tennessee, they returned in the spring to their homes.

As already stated in my narrative, Kasper Mansker, in 1779 or 1780, built a fort on Mansker's Creek, not far from Mansker's Lick. I knew him long and well. He was a Dutchman, and spoke broken English; and, though without education, he was a man of fine sense. He was a great woodsman and a mighty hunter—one of the best marksmen I ever saw shoulder a rifle.

He was an excellent soldier; and no man among us understood better than he did how to fight the Indians; so that he rendered great service in driving the savages from the country. I have often listened with eager attention, while he told his exploits and scrapes with the Indians. He was made a militia-colonel. He was present, though far advanced in years, at the taking of Nickajack. He never had any children. He possessed a handsome property, was fond of raising stock, and loved his gun as long as he was able to hunt. In his old age he would attend shooting-matches, and frequently took prizes when they shot for beef. He died where he built his second fort, on the east side of Mansker's Creek, in Sumner county.

CHAPTER VI.

THOMAS SPENCER.

THE name of Thomas Spencer was well known to the old settlers in this country. He was a native of Virginia. He was an extraordinary man in several respects—remarkable for his strength and courage, and his love of solitude. There was no bluster about him, no disposition to quarrel or to raise riots; indeed, he was one of the most kindly-disposed men within my knowledge, and could make himself pleasant and agreeable in company, even while he delighted to be alone and far away from society. It was in 1775, I think, that having heard, through Mansker and Bledsoe, glowing accounts of the fertility of the soil and abundance of game in this country, he came from Virginia in company with a man named Holloway, and they fixed their station-camp in a hollow sycamore tree at Bledsoe's Lick. They hunted and explored for some time. At

length Holloway became dissatisfied. It was said that he and Spencer had a quarrel; but this rumor, so far as I know, was never confirmed by Spencer. At any rate, Holloway determined to go back to Virginia; and, as he had lost his knife, Spencer broke in two his butcher-knife, and gave him half of it. So they parted. Spencer remained alone in the country, I think, for four or five months, and during that time he never saw the face of a human being. He lived the life of a hermit, in his big hollow sycamore tree. He explored the country from Bledsoe's Lick to the mouth of Red river. He made some of the most valuable selections of land in Sumner county. The six hundred and forty acre tract where Gen. Miller now lives, in sight of Gallatin, to this day is known as Spencer's Choice.

In 1780, Spencer returned to this country among the first immigrants, and settled at the French Lick. He rendered valuable service against the Indians, of whom he seemed to have no fear; for, during the worst seasons of savage warfare, he would often roam alone all through the forests for ten or twelve days together. Once, shortly after the beginning of the settlement at the French Lick, he was hunting in company with another man; and the Indians, creeping

upon them at their camp, fired and killed his companion, but did not hurt him. Immediately he took up the dead body, and the gun of his fellow-hunter, and with this weight added to his own arms, he dashed into the thick cane. The Indians, arguing his great strength and activity from this feat, and knowing that he had two loaded guns with him, followed him at a respectful distance. He succeeded in carrying off his friend's remains and burying them, and returned with both guns in safety to the French Lick.

Thomas Spencer was the stoutest man I ever saw. Indeed, he was a Hercules—stronger than two common men. Once I rode through a piece of ground cleared by him. There were about five or six acres in the piece. His rail timbers, each of which would have made from ten to fifteen rails, he had cut in the ground, and then had carried them and thrown them around his field. One more example of his strength I must not forget. I heard Frank Haney relate that in 1780, Thomas Spencer, Dick Hogan, and himself, were raising cabins, that they might obtain titles to the lands settled by them; as at that day all who made certain improvements obtained six hundred and forty acres of land. Hogan was very stout, and bore the name of a bully, and

Haney was very little inferior to him [illegible] point of strength. The two were raising a cabin, while Spencer, being unwell, was in the camp lying on a blanket by the fire. Hogan and Haney had got up one end of a log, but for their lives they could not put the other end in place. Spencer, seeing their failure, observed that if he were well, he could put up the log. At this, Hogan became excited, and cursing Spencer, told him *he was a better man than he was, any day.* Whereupon, Spencer, rising, walked to the log, took hold of it, and threw it up with apparent ease; and, without a word, he walked back to the camp, and laid down again upon his blanket. Previously, Hogan had often tried to pick quarrels with Spencer, but this feat effectually cured him of all desire to fight one so clearly his superior in strength. In 1794, Spencer went back to Virginia for the purpose of winding up his business, and on his return, at what is now called Spencer's Hill, between South-west Point and Carthage, he fell by the hands of the Indians, whom he had so valiantly fought for fourteen years. Many pages might be filled with incidents in the life of Spencer; but the occasion allows me to give only this small sketch of one of the bravest men that ever fell in Tennessee.

GENERAL JAMES WINCHESTER.

In the settlement of Middle Tennessee, Gen. James Winchester rendered excellent service. He was a native of Maryland. He was a Captain in the Revolutionary War, and shared in its struggles and privations for more than five years. Soon after the close of that war he immigrated to this country, and settled on Bledsoe's creek. Here he was very useful. He directed our scouts and spies, and frequently pursued the Indians himself. He was a brave and prudent officer. He was one of the Council during the session of the Territorial Legislature in 1794, and afterward, as already mentioned, he was a Senator in the Legislature of the State. In the war of 1812, he received a General's commission, and was ordered to take the command of one wing of the North-western Army. He was taken prisoner by the British and Indians at the unfortunate battle of the River Raisin, and was carried to Quebec, where he remained a prisoner during the following winter. A great deal has been said about that disastrous affair, and General Winchester has been severely criticized; but I do not believe any person in a similar situation could have done better than he did under his circum-

stances. At the close of the war, he retired to the quiet walks of private life. He was a merchant and a farmer, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of his neighbors. He raised a large and worthy family. His wife still lives at the old homestead with her youngest son, George W. Winchester, who now represents our county in the Legislature of the State. I was with Gen. Winchester when, in 1826, he drew his last breath, in the midst of family and friends. I knew him long and well; and I do not hesitate to say that I believe he was a persecuted man. Peace to the ashes of the old General!

COL. EDWARD DOUGLASS.

Col. Edward Douglass was quite a prominent man among us at an early time. He was a native of North Carolina, and was in the Revolutionary War—held a major's appointment, I believe. He was brave and patriotic, and was an energetic and prudent military officer. I have been with him in pursuit of the Indians. He was a man of fine sense, and, I believe, when young, read law, though he never practiced at the bar in this country. He was one of our first magistrates, and, as such, was a leading member of the county court. As he possessed legal knowledge, he

received frequent applications for advice as to lawsuits, which he freely gave without fee or reward; though he always counselled his neighbors not to go to law. He was kind-hearted and benevolent, generous and hospitable—his house as well as his heart being ever open to his friends, while as to enemies, I believe he had not one in the world. He raised a respectable family, and one of his sons, Dr. Elmore Douglass, is now living in Gallatin—the oldest physician, I suppose, in Sumner county. I have forgotten the date of Col. Douglass's death, and will only add, Peace to his memory!

MAJOR GEORGE D. BLACKAMORE.

Major George D. Blackamore was a native of Maryland, and served for three years in the war of the Revolution. He came to this country at an early date, and made his stand at the forts about Bledsoe's Lick, where he was very serviceable and useful in guarding and defending the settlement against the Indians. He commanded a horse company, and was also employed as quartermaster in supplying provisions for the troops stationed at the various forts. He was at the head of a company at the taking of Nickajack, in 1794. He was active, sprightly, and energetic,

and as brave a man as I ever saw. He raised a large and respectable family. Dr. James Blackamore, who lives in sight of Gallatin, is one of his sons, and another one was Gen. William Blackamore, who was clerk of the chancery court, and who died about twelve months ago. Major Blackamore, the father, died during the year 1830.

There were other men of prominence, such as David Shelby, and others, who rendered first-rate service in the settlement of Sumner county. These might be mentioned, but it is perhaps proper to notice next, and somewhat at length, the religious affairs and events of the early times, and to furnish some sketches of the preachers, who were God's successful instruments in planting the Church and spreading the gospel through this country.

CHAPTER VII.

From the year 1787, we were blessed with regular preaching in this country. Messrs. Ogden, Haw, Massy, Williamson, Lee, McHenry, and O'Cull, were the preachers who first brought the gospel to us. From 1792 to 1795, we were favored with the preaching of Stephen Brooks, Henry Burchett, Jacob Lurtin, Aquilla Suggs, and John Ball. These were eminent men of God. In 1795, William Burke, and a young man by the name of Guthrie, I believe, came among us, and preached with great success. These were all itinerant preachers, who, taking their lives, as it were, in their own hands, passed through almost every danger of that day, and faithfully warned the people to flee from the wrath to come. The first two local preachers that were raised up in the country were Samuel Mason and Samuel Hollis. They commenced preaching, I think, about the year 1789, or, perhaps, 1790. They were excellent men, and God blessed their labors.

I do not hesitate to say that the Methodists were the first to sow the gospel seed in Middle Tennessee. True it is, Parson Craighead had a Presbyterian congregation, to whom he preached regularly at Spring-Hill, Davidson county; and I recollect of his making one visit to Mansker's Station during the time I lived at that place. Mr. Craighead was a man of learning, and his address was beautiful; but his preaching was lifeless and without power—a dull, formal affair. There was also another congregation of Presbyterians at Shiloh, near Gallatin, Sumner county. William McGee, their pastor, was a good man, but he preached to a cold, dead people, with a few exceptions. The Presbyterians generally were bitter persecutors of the Methodists. They called them enthusiasts; and some went so far as to say they were the false prophets that were to arise in the last days.

From 1795 to 1800, the Methodist Episcopal Church was served in this country by such men as John Page, Thomas Wilkinson, John McGee, John Cobler, and others; and, as the war with the Indians had just closed, many new settlements were made, as the result of the vast tide of immigration flowing into the country; and to the people of these settlements the men of God

whom I have named carried the gospel, which they preached with zeal and power. In 1796, or 1797, the Rev. Mr. McGrady, of the Presbyterian Church, an eminent minister of Christ, settled in Logan county, Kentucky. In 1798, or 1799, a great religious awakening occurred under his preaching, and many people were converted to God. In 1800, the revival commenced among us in Sumner county. The news of the wonderful excitement in Logan county, under the labors of Mr. McGrady, was heard by us; and a vast multitude of people assembled at a sacramental meeting, held at Robert Shaw's, on the head waters of Red river, in the summer of 1800. Messrs. McGrady, McGee, and Rankin, were the Presbyterian preachers who labored at that meeting. Parson Craighead was also in attendance. Such displays of Divine power as were there seen, I had never before witnessed. Under the preaching of Messrs. McGrady and McGee, the people fell down like men slain in battle; and the number that professed religion then will never be known in time. The meeting lasted several days. Parson Craighead appeared to be friendly to the work. All prejudice and bad feeling seemed to cease between the Presbyterians and the Methodists; and it was no easy matter to tell

which of them were the more noisy in shouting the praises of God.

In September of the same year, a sacramental meeting was appointed to be held at Shiloh; but, on account of the scarcity of water there, the appointment was changed to Blythe's Big Spring, on Desha's Creek. The news of the great work at Shaw's having spread throughout Middle Tennessee, this meeting at Blythe's comprised the largest number of people ever known to be collected together in the country. Messrs. McGrady, McGee, and Rankin, Presbyterian preachers, and Messrs. John McGee, John Page, and John Sewell, Methodist preachers, labored at this meeting. Parson Craighead was also present. On the first day of the meeting, the people arriving in crowds, in wagons, on horseback, and on foot, presented a wonderful scene. The preachers united their hearts and hands like a band of brothers, and the great work commenced immediately, and progressed night and day without intermission, and with increasing interest to the end. It would be impossible to describe the scenes presented at that meeting, particularly when one saw many men, women, and children, from the aged father down to the youngest son, now stretched upon the ground and pleading for

mercy; then rising, and with shouts giving glory to God. It was indeed a solemn time. One young man I recollect, who, having been brought under conviction, hastened to his horse with the view of going home; but, before mounting, he fell like a man shot in battle; and he continued upon the ground until the Lord blessed his soul, when he arose and gave glory to God for his deliverance. Such occurrences were very frequent. The meeting lasted four days and nights, and scores of precious souls were brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. One family, named Sullivan, of three brothers and sisters, neighbors of mine on Goose Creek, though they had been raised Quakers, walked twelve or fourteen miles to that meeting, and all of them professed religion, and proved to be excellent members of the Church. The Presbyterians shared largely in the fruits of the revival; and a number of young men, as well as others somewhat advanced in life, soon became convinced that they were called to preach the gospel; and they went forth as flaming heralds, proclaiming life and salvation to a lost and dying world. From that great revival sprang the Cumberland Presbyterian church; and from that

meeting the work of God spread throughout Middle Tennessee.

During the progress of the revival, there were some strange and uncommon exercises, of which no one, as far as I have noticed, has written, except the Rev. Barton W. Stone, who had charge of two congregations, Cane Ridge and Concord, in Bourbon county, Kentucky. In his biography, page 39, he undertakes a description which I have no hesitation, after having been a witness of the various occurrences, in saying that he has given with correctness and fidelity. I will, therefore, transcribe his account:

"The bodily agitations or exercises attending the excitement in the beginning of this century were various, and called by various names, as the falling exercise, the jerks, the dancing exercise, the barking exercise, the laughing and singing exercises, and so on. The falling exercise was very common among all classes, the saints and sinners of every age and grade, from the philosopher to the clown. The subject of this exercise would generally, with a piercing scream, fall like a log on the floor or earth, and appear as dead. Of thousands of similar cases, I will mention one: At a meeting, two gay young ladies, sisters, were

standing together, attending the exercises and preaching at the same time, when instantly they both fell with a shriek of distress, and lay for more than an hour apparently in a lifeless state. Their mother, a pious Baptist, was in great distress, fearing they would not revive. At length they began to exhibit signs of life, by crying fervently for mercy, and then relapsed into the same death-like state, with an awful gloom on their countenances; after a while, the gloom on the face of one was succeeded by a heavenly smile, and she cried out, 'Precious Jesus!' and spoke of the glory of the gospel to the surrounding crowd in language almost superhuman, and exhorted all to repentance. In a little while after, the other sister was similarly exercised. From that time they became remarkably pious members of the Church.

"I have seen very many pious persons fall in the same way, from a sense of the danger of their unconverted children, brothers, or sisters, or from a sense of the danger of their neighbors in a sinful world. I have heard them agonizing in tears, and strongly crying for mercy to be shown to sinners, and speaking like angels all around.

"The jerks cannot be so easily described. Sometimes the subject of the jerks would be affected in some one member of the body, and

sometimes in the whole system. When the head alone was affected, it would be jerked backward and forward, or from side to side, so quickly that the features of the face could not be distinguished. When the whole system was affected, I have seen the person stand in one place, and jerk backward and forward in quick succession, the head nearly touching the floor behind and before. All classes, saints and sinners, the strong as well as the weak, were thus affected. I have inquired of those thus affected if they could not account for it, but some have told me that those were among the happiest seasons of their lives. I have seen some wicked persons thus affected, and all the time cursing the jerks, while they were thrown to the earth with violence. Though so awful to behold, I do not remember that any one of the thousands I have seen thus affected ever sustained any injury in body. This was as strange as the exercise itself.

"The dancing exercise generally began with the jerks, and was peculiar to professors of religion. The subject, after jerking a while, began to dance, and then the jerks would cease. Such dancing was indeed heavenly to the spectators. There was nothing in it like levity, nor calculated to excite levity in the beholders. The smile of

Heaven shone on the countenance of the subject, and assimilated to angels appeared the whole person. Sometimes the motion was quick, and sometimes slow. Thus they continued to move forward and backward in the same track or alley till nature seemed exhausted; and they would fall prostrate on the floor or earth, unless caught by those standing by. While thus exercised, I have heard their solemn praises and prayers ascend to God.

"The barking exercise, as opposers contemptuously called it, was nothing but the jerks. A person affected with the jerks, especially in his head, would often make a grunt or a bark, from the suddenness of the jerk. This name of barking seems to have had its origin from an old Presbyterian preacher of East Tennessee. He had gone into the woods for private devotion, and was seized with the jerks. Standing near a sapling, he caught hold of it to prevent his falling; and, as his head jerked back, he uttered a grunt, or a kind of a noise similar to a bark, his face being turned upwards. Some wag discovered him in this position, and reported that he had found the old preacher barking up a tree.

"The laughing exercise was frequent—confined solely to the religious. It was a loud,

hearty laughter, but it excited laughter in none that saw it. The subject appeared rapturously solemn, and his laughter excited solemnity in saints and sinners: it was truly indescribable!

"The running exercise was nothing more than that persons feeling something of these bodily agitations, through fear, attempted to run away and thus escape from them; but it commonly happened that they ran not far before they fell, where they became so agitated they could not proceed any farther.

"I knew a young physician, of a celebrated family, who came some distance to a big meeting to see the strange things he had heard of. He and a young lady had sportively agreed to watch over and take care of each other if either should fall. At length, the physician felt something very uncommon, and started from the congregation to run into the woods. He was discovered running as for life, but did not proceed far until he fell down, and there lay until he submitted to the Lord, and afterwards became a zealous member of the Church. Such cases were common.

"The singing exercise is more unaccountable than any thing else I ever saw. The subject, in a very happy state of mind, would sing most me-

lodiously, not from the mouth or nose, but entirely in the breast, the sounds issuing thence. Such noise silenced every thing, and attracted the attention of all. It was most heavenly; none could ever be tired of hearing it.

"Thus have I," says Mr. Stone, "given a brief account of the wonderful things that appeared in the great excitement in the beginning of this century. That there were many eccentricities and much fanaticism in this excitement was acknowledged by its warmest advocates. Indeed, it would have been a wonder if such things had not appeared in the circumstances of that time. Yet the good effects were seen and acknowledged in every neighborhood, and among the different sects. It silenced contention and promoted unity for a while."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE extraordinary exercises just noticed, which commenced in Tennessee in 1800, made their appearance in 1801 in the middle and upper portions of Kentucky. Barton W. Stone, an eminent man of God and a minister of the Presbyterian Church, had charge of two congregations—Cane Ridge and Concord, in Bourbon county, Ky. Religion at that time was at a very low ebb in the Presbyterian Church. But in the spring of 1801 a great meeting was held near Russellville, Kentucky, and Mr. Stone, having heard of the gracious work in Tennessee and the southern portion of Kentucky, attended that meeting, at which the preachers were Messrs. McGrady, McGee, Rankin, and Hodge, of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Stone stated that he had never before witnessed such a scene. The people were struck down powerless, and lay as though they were in the agonies of death, pleading for mercy; and after awhile they would rise and tell the wonders

of redeeming love. Mr. Stone soon became convinced that it was the work of God. He returned home and had meeting the next Sabbath at Cane Ridge. A large congregation attended to hear the news from the South-west. He ascended the pulpit, and narrated to them the extraordinary exercises which he had seen, and then preached a close, experimental sermon. It was like seed sown in good ground. He appointed to preach there again in the course of the week, and hastened that night to Concord, to preach to his other congregation. Two young ladies were struck down that night, and in every respect acted similarly to those he had seen in the South-west. When they arose their addresses made deep impressions upon the congregation. When Mr. Stone returned to his appointment in the week at Cane Ridge, indeed before he reached the place, he heard of the good effects of the preaching the Sabbath before. When he arrived at the gate of the church he was met by a Mr. Rogers, one of the most influential men in the country, and his wife, shouting at the top of their voices, and telling him what God, for Christ's sake, had done for them. The crowd left the house, and hurried to this novel scene. In twenty minutes scores had fallen to the ground, and paleness and trem-

bling appeared in all. Some, panic-struck, attempted to flee from the scene; but they either fell or returned immediately to the crowd, as if unable to get away. A noted deist in the neighborhood was struck down, and when he arose, he confessed the Saviour. The meeting continued on that spot in the open air, and many found peace in the Lord. The effects of this meeting through the country seemed like fire in dry stubble, driven by a strong wind. All felt its influence to a greater or less extent.

Soon after, Mr. Stone had a protracted meeting at Concord. It is said the whole country appeared to be in motion to the place, and multitudes of all denominations attended. All seemed heartily to unite in the work and in Christian love, and party spirit, abashed, shrunk away. This meeting continued five days and nights without ceasing. Many, very many, will, through eternity, remember it with thanksgiving and praise.

Shortly after this, the great meeting at Cane Ridge came on. It was said to be awfully solemn. On Thursday and Friday before the meeting, the roads were literally crowded with wagons, carriages, horsemen, and footmen, moving to the solemn camp. It is stated the sight was most affecting. It was judged by military men that

there were between twenty and thirty thousand collected on the ground. Four or five preachers were frequently speaking at the same time, in different parts of the encampment, without confusion. The Methodist and Baptist preachers aided in the work, and all appeared cordially united in it, of one mind and one soul, and the salvation of sinners seemed to be the great object of all. They all engaged in singing the same songs of praise, all united in prayer, all preached the same things—free salvation urged upon all by repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ. The meeting continued six or seven days and nights, and would have continued longer, but provision for such a multitude failed. To this meeting, many had come from Ohio and other distant parts, who returned home and diffused the same spirit in their neighborhoods, and the same work followed. So low had religion sunk, and such carelessness universally had prevailed, it was thought that nothing common could have arrested the attention of the world. During these meetings, therefore, those uncommon agitations, already described, were sent for that purpose. At any rate, this was their effect upon the community.

Barton W. Stone was the chief instrument at

the commencement of this great revival in Kentucky. He labored almost night and day, and many were added to the church. There were four or five other Presbyterian preachers that joined him in the great reformation. They preached free salvation to a dying world, and levelled their artillery against the doctrine of election and reprobation. They declared that Christ had tasted death for every man, and invited the whole world to come unto Jesus and be saved. It was not long before the anti-revival party saw their Confession of Faith was in danger. The first one they brought to an account for preaching against the Confession of Faith was Richard McNemar. He was had before a Presbytery, and his case was carried up to the Synod at Lexington, Kentucky. That body appeared generally very hostile to their doctrine, and there was much spirited altercation among them. The other four of the revival party expected their fate in the decision on McNemar's case. They were John Dunlary, Robert Marshal, John Thompson, and Barton W. Stone. It had been plainly hinted to them that they would not be forgotten by the Synod. So they waited anxiously for the issue, till they plainly saw it would be against them all. Then, in a short recess of the Synod, the five above-

named withdrew to a private garden, where, after prayer for direction, and a free conversation with each other, they drew up a protest against the proceedings of the Synod in McNemar's case, and a declaration of their independence, and of their withdrawal from their jurisdiction, but not from their communion. This protest they immediately presented to the Synod through the Moderator. It was altogether unexpected by them, and produced very unpleasant feelings, and a profound silence for a few minutes ensued. The protestants retired to a friend's house in town, and were quickly followed by a committee of Synod to reclaim them to their standards. They had with them a very friendly conversation, the result of which was that one of the committee, Matthew Houston, became convinced that the doctrine they preached was true; and soon afterward united with them. The committee reported to the Synod a failure to reclaim them, and after a few more vain attempts, they proceeded to the solemn work of suspending them, because they had departed from the Confession of Faith of their Church. They insisted, however, that after they had protested and withdrawn in an orderly manner, the Synod had no better right to suspend them than the Pope of Rome had to suspend

Luther after he had done the same thing; and they contended that if Luther's suspension was valid, then the whole Protestant succession was out of order. Immediately after their separation from Synod they constituted themselves into a Presbytery, which they called the Springfield Presbytery. The battle had just commenced. The revival party became bold in proclaiming the absurdities of the Confession of Faith, while the anti-revival party stood up for it. The presses issued from both sides for and against Calvinism. Our country was flooded with their pamphlets and harangues against each other. Soon after the separation, Mr. Stone called together his congregations, and informed them that he could no longer conscientiously preach to support the Presbyterian Church; that his labors would be directed to advance the Redeemer's kingdom, irrespective of parties, and that he absolved them from all obligations in a pecuniary point of view; and then in their presence he tore up their salary obligations to him, in order to free their minds from all fear of being called upon hereafter for aid. Never had a pastor and churches lived together more harmoniously than they had for about six years. He made a great sacrifice, for he was handsomely supported. Mr. Stone also emanci-

pated his negroes, and preached almost night and day, and the work of God went on through his instrumentality. They all went on under the name of the Springfield Presbytery, preaching and constituting churches; but they had not worn this name more than one year before they saw it bordered on a party-spirit with the man-made creeds. So they threw it overboard, and having preached the last will and testament of the Springfield Presbytery, they took the name of *Christians*—the name given to the disciples first at Antioch. They progressed for some time very harmoniously, constituting a great many churches throughout Kentucky and Ohio, and quite a number of valuable young men were raised up among them to preach the gospel.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Stone and his friends still continued to preach repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; also, that a man must know his sins forgiven. At length, the great agitation commenced among them concerning baptism by immersion. Then the question arose, Who should baptize them? The Baptists would not do it unless they joined their Church. And finally they concluded that if they were authorized to preach the gospel, they were authorized also to administer the ordinance of baptism; and they immersed one another. That is, Messrs. Stone, McNemar, Dunlary, and Houston, were in favor of immersion, though Messrs. Marshall and Thompson would not go into it. Thus commenced the great work of immersion. Thousands of people, it is said, flocked to them, and were immersed. Soon many Baptist churches laid aside their discipline and joined them, taking upon themselves the name of Christians, or Stoneites.

Thus their churches grew and multiplied. But their pride was soon humbled by a very extraordinary circumstance. Three missionary Shakers, from the East, whose names were Bates, Meacham, and Young, came among them. They were eminently qualified for their mission. They were neat but plain in dress, and quite prepossessing in their general appearance. In manners, they were grave and unassuming, and, at the same time, they were very intelligent and ready in the Scriptures, and of great boldness in the faith. They informed them that they had heard of them, and greatly rejoiced in the work of God among them. They told them that as far as they had gone they were right, but they had not gone far enough into the subject, and that they were sent by their brethren to teach them the way of God more perfectly, by obedience to which they would be led into perfect holiness. They seemed to understand all the springs and avenues of the human heart. They delivered their testimony, and labored to confirm it by the Scriptures, promising the greatest blessings to the obedient, but threatening damnation to the disobedient. They urged the people to confess their sins to them, especially the sin of matrimony; and to forsake them all immediately. Husbands must forsake

their wives, and wives their husbands. This was the burden of their testimony. It was said they could perform miracles, and they related many as having been done among them; but they never could be persuaded to work miracles among the people. Many such things they preached, the consequence of which was similar to the case of Simon Magus. Many said they were the great power of God; and many confessed their sins to them, and forsook the marriage-state. Among these were three of their preachers, Matthew Houston, Richard McNemar, and John Dunlary. Several of their preachers, alarmed, fled from them, and joined the different denominations around. Never did a man exert himself more at that time than did Barton W. Stone; and he saved the people from the vortex of ruin. He yielded to no discouragements, but labored night and day, far and near, among the churches where the Shakers went. By this means their influence was happily checked in many places. Mr. Stone labored so hard and constantly that a spitting of blood ensued; but God again restored him to health, and he was spared to a good old age. Next the Shakers became their bitterest enemies. They denied the literal resurrection of the body from the grave, and said the resurrec-

tion of the body meant the resurrection of Christ's body; meaning the Church. They professed that the elders had constant communion and conversation with angels and departed saints. They looked for no other or better heaven than that on earth. Their worship, if worthy of the name, consisted in voluntary dancing together. They lived together, and had all things in common, and entirely under the direction and control of the elders. They flourished greatly for some years, and built several superb villages; but afterward they began to dwindle away. Their doctrine was that the Christ appeared first in a male, and through life was preparing the way of salvation, which he could not accomplish till his second appearance in a woman—Ann Lee—who was now the Christ, and had full power to save. They had new revelations superior to the Scriptures, which they called the old records, which were true, but superseded by the new. When they preached to the world, they used the old records, and preached a tolerably pure gospel, as a bait to catch the unwary; but in the close of their discourses, they artfully introduced their testimony, and in this way they captivated hundreds and ensnared them in ruin. Their coming was at a most auspicious time. Some of the late reformers

were verging on fanaticism; others were disgusted at the spirit of opposition against them and the evils of division. The Shakers well knew how to accommodate each of these classes, and to coil them in a trap set for them.

Soon after the great shock of Shakerism took place in Kentucky, Messrs. Marshall and Thompson returned to the Old Presbyterian Church. Hugh Andrews, one of their preachers, joined the Methodist Church. Out of the five preachers that were expelled by the Synod for preaching against the Confession of Faith, Barton W. Stone was the only one left to contend for the reformation. He continued to preach and form churches until his party became quite numerous in Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana. They were generally known in those days by the name of Stoneites, though they called themselves Christians.

I think it was in 1824 that Mr. Alexander Campbell made his appearance in Kentucky, though his fame as a great reformer had already spread throughout the length and breadth of the country. He and Mr. Stone met. It is said they had a very friendly interview. Mr. Stone viewed him as one of the greatest men he had ever met with. They differed on some points in divinity. Especially, Mr. Stone thought he was

not explicit enough on the operation of the Spirit. They also differed on some points in connection with the atonement of Christ. At length they agreed to disagree, and throw their influence together. Then the name of Stonecites ceased, and they took the name of Reformers or Campbellites. I have ever viewed the Stonecites, as they were called, as a better people than these modern Campbellites; they preached repentance toward God and faith in Jesus Christ, and that a man should know his sins forgiven. These modern Campbellites do not thus preach, or at least I have never heard them.

I have always viewed Barton W. Stone as a great and good man. He was a man of remarkable humility and modesty. These traits of his character were known wherever he was known. He was a man of peace; and it was a pity, I think, that he, with his party in Kentucky, did not make the same stand that the Cumberland Presbyterians made in this country. If they had stricken out the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation from the Confession of Faith, or formed a new creed and discipline, and called themselves Kentucky Presbyterians, I think their course would have contributed to the advancement of the gospel. But doubtless Mr. Stone did what

he thought was best in the case. He was a great instrument in the revival of 1800 in Kentucky. He travelled and preached nearly to his last days. He died in 1844, in Hannibal, Missouri, at the house of his son-in-law, Capt. William Bowen; and I am told he gave ample and cheering testimony of his entrance upon a bright and glorious immortality beyond the valley and shadow of death. I knew Barton W. Stone, and I would do injustice to myself if I were not to say that I viewed him as a great and good man.

CHAPTER X.

In the fall of 1802, the first Annual Conference in Middle Tennessee was held in Sumner county, at Strother's Meeting-house, near the head of Big Station Camp Creek. Bishop Asbury presided, and that was the first time I ever saw that venerable man of God. There was then, I believe, only one Annual Conference in the Mississippi Valley. From this vast scope of country the preachers came and met together, like a band of brothers. They were, indeed, itinerants of the old Wesleyan stamp. They were plain men in dress, their coats all being cut in the same style, and their manners generally showing that they were not in the least degree inclined to the indulgence of superfluities of any kind. None of them, I will add, wore the D.D. attached to their names for distinction's sake; but brothers in love, as such, simply, they addressed each other. While writing thus, I wish it to be understood I am not opposed to human learning, provided the cause of God is not injured by that

superabundance of it which so often sinks the interests of humble piety. At that Conference, in 1802, I enjoyed the pleasure of shaking the hands of many great men of God, whom I shall never see again on earth, but hope to meet them in heaven. There I saw John Sale, Hezekiah Harriman, Stephen Brooks, Lewis Garret, and Tobias Gibson. The last-named preacher, Tobias Gibson, came from the Natchez country, now the State of Mississippi, where he had been sent some years before, and had sown the first seed of the gospel that had ever fallen upon that soil. He attended the Conference mainly for the purpose of getting help to carry on the good work in that distant country; and upon his returning was accompanied by a young preacher, named Moses Floyd, if my memory does not fail me. Tobias Gibson was an excellent man of God. He died in 1804, in Clairborne county, Miss.

Bishop Asbury visited this country several times after that Conference. Once Bishop Whatcoat came with him, and together they travelled to the different settlements, and preached to the willing people the precious gospel of Jesus Christ. Bishop Whatcoat was a most zealous and lively preacher. It was but seldom, when I heard him preach, that he did not close with shouting on his

part, as well as by the people; and this, too, although he was then far advanced in life. I saw him ordain Jesse Walker, that excellent man of God, in Concord Meeting-house, on Goose Creek, in sight of which I lived at that time. John McGee and John Page, I think, assisted in the ordination.

I believe it was in 1815 I saw Bishop Asbury for the last time. It was upon the occasion of an Annual Conference held in Wilson county, at Hickory Ridge, a few miles west of Lebanon. The old soldier of the cross was then nearly worn out in the conflicts of life, and he appeared to me the most venerable man on whom I had ever rested my eyes. The hair of his head was perfectly white, and his natural strength had so far abated, he had to be lifted from his horse and helped into the stand erected for preaching, which was in the open air. He sat in a chair and preached the funeral sermon of Bishop Coke, who had, some time before, died at sea. The text was Acts xi. 24: "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord." Bishop Coke, it is known, had ordained Bishop Asbury in America; and, from the sermon, I presume they were associates in England. Though ad

vanced in life, and feeble in health, Bishop Asbury spoke so as to be plainly understood by an immense concourse of people, and the effect of his preaching was very remarkable. The most solemn awe seemed to fill every heart, and shaded every face. Really, I thought if the enemy of souls had been present in person, he would have been compelled to behave himself by reason of the impressiveness of the exercises of that day. Upon the adjournment of the Conference, Bishop Asbury turned his course towards the North, with the hope of meeting the ensuing General Conference, to be held the next May in Baltimore. But he died, I learned, before reaching his journey's end, March 31, 1816. Thus passed away from us a great and good man.

I will now notice the early preachers in this country particularly, though I have already mentioned some of them in my narrative. When I recur to the times between 1790 and 1795, the pioneers of the gospel, with whom I used to associate with the greatest delight, appear before my mind almost with the vividness and freshness of real life.

WILSON LEE.

There was Wilson Lee, a man eminent for his

talents, as well as for his usefulness in the ministry. He was a native of Delaware, and was raised in the midst of high life in the city of Baltimore. When he was seventeen years old he embraced the religion of Christ, and not long afterwards entered the vineyard of his Lord, and began to labor for the salvation of souls. He came to the Cumberland country in 1790, and at that day our fare was very rough and uninviting to one who had been used to better things; yet he partook of it not only without a murmur, but as though it were good cheer, with thankfulness to God. He was one of the sweet singers of Israel. When he went into the stand for preaching, and arising and stroking back his beautiful black hair, began to sing his favorite hymn—

> "He comes! he comes! the Judge severe:
> The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
> His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
> How welcome to the faithful soul!"

if you had been present, you would have almost imagined that "the Judge of all the earth" was indeed then "descending on his azure throne." He preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. His voice was sonorous, and his address handsome; and often his appeals to

the consciences of his hearers were tremendous, and overwhelming in their effects. In preaching he frequently directed the artillery of heaven against pride and vanity, particularly in the matter of dress—the wearing of ruffles and feathers, jewelry and costly apparel of any description; and he would boldly declare that the wearing of these things by professors of religion was sinful in the sight of God. Indeed, in the days of Wilson Lee, and for many years afterwards, no one who wore any thing superfluous was admitted into the love-feasts. Then the Methodists were plain, simple-hearted people; and I would to God our preachers now-a-days possessed the spirit which distinguished the conduct of Wilson Lee and his fellow-laborers in reference to the matter of dress and kindred subjects. I must mention an incident that occurred at a Quarterly meeting in Sumner county, on Big Station Camp Creek. In those days, it was fashionable for wealthy ladies to wear a small beaver hat, with a large ostrich-feather fastened to the front part of the hat, and extending over the crown upon the lady's shoulders. At that meeting there was present a young lady from East Tennessee, Miss Vicey Shelby, then on a visit to her brother, Mr. David Shelby, who lived and died in Sumner

county; and she was dressed in the finest style. Wilson Lee preached against the fashions of the day, and he preached with power, so that Miss Vicey Shelby—who was a young lady of excellent sense—was brought under conviction; and so clearly did she see her wrong, she tore the feather from her hat before she left the meeting; and better still, she never rested till God for Christ's sake had pardoned her sins. Soon afterwards, she returned to East Tennessee, and, I was told, made one of the most shining and useful Christians in all that country. So much for faithful preaching. I would to God our circuits and stations were filled with such men as was Wilson Lee. He continued to travel and preach, until at length he was superannuated in 1804; and in October of that year, having broken a blood-vessel, he died in a few hours. Such was the death of one of the best itinerant preachers. Most dearly did I love him in my very soul. He received me into the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1790, and I hope at last to meet him in the Church triumphant in the skies.

PETER MASSIE.

This servant of God came among us in 1790, with James Haw, and labored to some extent;

but his health failed, and he was obliged to retire from active duty. He was a man of good personal appearance, though of a weakly frame. He was a holy and devoted Christian, and a laborious and successful preacher. I heard him preach the gospel frequently; and I do not think I ever heard him but when tears rolled freely down his manly cheeks, while he warned the people to flee from the wrath to come. He was called the weeping prophet. He died at the house of Mr. Hodge, in the vicinity of Nashville, December, 1791. Thus passed away a holy man of God.

JAMES HAW.

James Haw came among us first in 1788. He travelled and preached also in 1790, with Peter Massie; and during that year he married a sister of Gen. Thomas, of Nolen county, Ky., and afterwards he labored but little in the itinerancy. He was a preacher of great zeal and much usefulness for a season. I knew him well, as we lived neighbors on Drake's Creek, in Sumner county, where the people were so taken with him, they purchased for him a six-hundred-and-forty-acre tract of land. He settled on it, and in return promised to serve them as a Methodist preacher as long as he lived. Soon, however, he

became dissatisfied with the Methodist Discipline, and began to preach against the Methodist bishops; and besides, he did every thing in his power to induce the whole church to go off to the O'Kelly party. Very few joined with him, and even his wife was firm in her adherence to Methodism. In 1795, he engaged in a public debate with William Burke, whose services on that occasion saved the Church from ruin, while James Haw's usefulness as a preacher was destroyed for ever. After a few years, he joined the Presbyterian Church, and died a member of that communion.

BARNABAS M'HENRY AND JAMES O'CULL.

In 1791 these eminent men of God came to this country. Barnabas McHenry was a Virginian by birth, and entered the travelling connection, I think, in 1787. He was a large, square-built man, had a fine face, and was very prepossessing in his general appearance. He was endowed with the first order of talents, and especially was a beautiful speaker, capable of preaching with success before the Congress of the United States. His discourses were a chain of wisdom and divine power. But I cannot portray the character of Barnabas McHenry, who was indeed

one of the great men of the day. He died of cholera in 1833, in Kentucky.

His colleague, James O'Cull, had been reared, as he told me, in the Roman Catholic faith; but when quite a young man, living not far from Pittsburg, he embraced the religion of Christ, and commenced preaching in a very short time. He was an excellent preacher for his age. His zeal was without a parallel within my knowledge, and, of course, he soon broke down in the ministry. But while he continued in the work, the power with which he preached was wonderful, and beyond description. He was living, when last I heard from him, in the northern part of Kentucky, where he had raised a family.

THOMAS WILLIAMSON AND JOHN BALL.

Thomas Williamson, who had travelled and preached among us in 1789, came and took the place of James O'Cull, when his strength had failed him. He was a gentleman and a Christian, a young man of superior talents, and an excellent preacher. He was greatly beloved by all the people, and the Lord owned and blessed his labors. I do not know what became of him.

John Ball was a son of thunder. He smote with his hand and stamped with his foot. He

warned the people faithfully to flee from the wrath to come. He was a man of pretty fair gifts. I know nothing of his last days.

HENRY BIRCHETT.

Henry Birchett was with us in 1793. He was from Brunswick county, Virginia. He was an excellent preacher, and I do not hesitate in saying I believe he was the most holy, devoted Christian I have ever known. He was a man of great faith, of which I will give an example that came under my own notice. Once on the Sabbath day, at Norris's Meeting-house, on Big Station Camp Creek, he was preaching to a large congregation. The preaching was from a stand erected in the woods. Soon after he had begun his sermon, a most fearful cloud, dark and angry, appeared and spread over the heavens, just above the heads of the people, and from it issued most terrific thunder and lightning. The people became alarmed, panic-struck, and were in the act of scattering from the place. But just then the preacher succeeded in gaining their attention, and told them to stay and unite with him in prayer to God. He bowed, and I have never heard such a prayer! He prayed for the clouds to be dispersed, that they might have a peaceable

and quiet waiting upon God. At length, when we arose from our knees, the cloud had changed its course, and passed away, and we were not interrupted by rain. This direct answer to prayer, so evident to all, had a most gracious effect upon the congregation, even the wicked believing God had heard the prayer of the preacher. Thus great good was done on that day. Henry Birchett died in 1794, at the house of Mr. Hoggat, in Davidson county.

CHAPTER XI.

AQUILA SUGG, JACOB LURTON, MOSES SPEAR.

I BELIEVE it was in 1793 Aquila Sugg travelled and preached in this country. He was an excellent man, and his labors that year were followed by a fine revival of religion.

Jacob Lurton, during three months of that year, was the colleague of Aquila Sugg. He too was an excellent man. I knew a number of persons who were converted to God under the united ministry of these men. Jacob Lurton returned to Kentucky.

I think it was in 1794 Moses Spear was sent to us. He was a faithful preacher, and was well received by the people.

WILLIAM BURKE.

In 1795, William Burke, accompanied by a young man named Peter Guthrie, came among us; and during that year he saved the Church

from the ruin threatened by the course of James Haw. In the beginning of 1796, he married Rachel Cooper, and immediately they removed from the country. I knew her well, as she and myself belonged to the same society in Cage's Bend, in Sumner county. She was a superior young woman. If my memory does not fail me, he returned and was with us again in 1798, and for the last time. His character is too well known and admired to justify me in attempting a description. I am told he is still living in Ohio.

FRANCIS POYTHRESS.

Francis Poythress was the first presiding elder that ever came to this country. He had the bearing of one who had been well raised, his deportment being very gentlemanly; but he appeared to be somewhat melancholy in disposition. He was an acceptable preacher, though he did not possess the first order of talents. He was greatly gifted in prayer; and it seemed, when he prayed, that heaven and earth were coming together. I think he discharged his duty as a presiding elder as well as most men do in that office. He had passed the meridian of life.

At that day, our fare in this country was extremely rough, as already observed; but I never

heard the old elder complain of any thing set before him. One incident I must mention. Knowing our destitution, and being quite weakly, he had provided himself with a canister of tea, which he carried with him. One night, having stopped at the house of a brother, he gave the canister to the good sister, with a request that she would make some tea for him. She took it to the kitchen, and, having poured the leaves into a vessel, she gave them a thorough boiling. Then, putting them into a pewter plate, she brought them, and set them before her guest. This done, she began, in the kindness of her heart, to apologize to the old elder because she could not *boil the tea down*. He looked at it, and simply said, "Why, sister, you have spoiled all my tea—it was the broth I wanted." You may think it strange a married woman should be so ignorant, but it was even the case. In fact, I assure you, when I was married, I do not believe I had drunk a half-dozen cups of coffee, and I know not that I had ever seen any specimen of imported tea.

Francis Poythress, I think, continued in the work till about the year 1800, when he became seriously deranged in intellect, and remained in that distressing situation for many years. At

length he died at the house of his sister, Mrs. Susannah Pryor, in Jessamine county, Kentucky. I trust he has gone to heaven. I knew him intimately, and had the utmost confidence in him.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

Having now given some account of a number of the early preachers, I would remark we cannot but observe, with wonder and praise, how the providence of God guarded and preserved those bold, self-denying itinerants, while they took their lives in their hands, and went preaching the gospel from station to station, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, even where the people had settled away from the forts. In the midst of all the dangers of the day—the war with the Indians raging, and blood flowing freely on every hand—not one of the preachers was killed; and I know not a single instance of a failure to fill an appointment; though frequently we had to guard them from place to place, and I have myself been thus employed for five or six days together; and this, too, at times when the Indians were in the habit of lying in ambush near the paths leading from fort to fort. Surely, those were seasons of peril; but the providence of God preserved those men of God.

EARLY PREACHERS AND MARRIAGE.

The early preachers, for the most part, were not "encumbered" with families. Bishops Asbury, Whatcoat, and McKendree, it is well known, never married. Wilson Lee, Henry Burchett, and Peter Massie, lived and died single men. In fact, in those days, the marriage of a travelling preacher was a rare occurrence. The worth of souls, and the care of the Churches, was the burden of their thoughts. Bishop Asbury was opposed to the travelling preachers becoming married men; and here I must relate an amusing saying attributed to him: In Virginia, there was a circuit where the preachers sent among the people almost always obtained wives during their service. The bishop, supposing the women should be blamed for this state of things, thought to forestall them by sending to the circuit two decrepit old men, in the belief that no one would try to allure them into the bonds of wedlock. But, to his surprise, both of them married during the year; and, upon hearing this result of his experiment, he remarked, "I am afraid the women and the devil will get all my preachers!" So goes the story, as told to me.

JOHN M'GEE.

I cannot close without noticing several others of our useful preachers. John McGee, a native of North Carolina, was raised by Presbyterian parents of the strict sort, who had taught him from his youth the external duties of our holy religion. But, when he came to years, he knew nothing about a change of heart, and, as he has told me, he was a wild young man. Having left his widowed mother, and gone to the eastern shore of Maryland, or some other point on the sea-coast, quite distant from his home, he met with the Methodists—people of whom he had not before enjoyed any personal knowledge. Among them he was convinced of the necessity of a change of heart; and, having sought that great blessing, he soon found it, and was enabled to rejoice over the pardon of his sins. He joined the Methodists, and, in three days after his conversion, as I have heard from his own lips, he was well assured that God had called him to preach the gospel. Immediately he began to travel with the circuit preacher, and nearly every day spoke in public meeting. In a short time he was admitted into the travelling connection. He wrote home that the Lord had done great

things for him, and that he had become a preacher among the Methodists; and upon receiving this news, his mother was almost distracted, and, at times, seriously thought of disowning him. It was, I think he told me, about two years before he returned home; and when he arrived, that night witnessed a grave consultation between his mother and his brother William, who was younger than himself, whether he should be invited to hold prayer with the family. The old lady was violently opposed to it; but William, who had been educated for the ministry, and had just finished his studies in divinity, but could not preach at all, reasoned with his mother, and told her it would be a shame not to ask a preacher to engage in prayer with them. At length she yielded her assent, and John, when bed-time approached, was invited "to take the books." He was a very gifted man in prayer; and they discovered such a change in him, they began to believe there must be reality in the religion professed by him; so that he was treated with greater respect. Soon the news spread abroad that John McGee had come home a Methodist preacher; and his old neighbors and the associates of his youth flocked to see him. For several days he was among them, but was not invited to preach to them.

He was expecting them, perhaps, to invite him to preach in the church, but he was disappointed. At length, however, a neighbor, with whom he had long been acquainted, invited him to preach, the next Sabbath, at his dwelling-house. News that John McGee was going to preach to the people soon went through the neighborhood; and when the day came, many assembled to hear him, chiefly through curiosity. He preached on the subject of the new birth. There was a mighty shaking among the dry bones, and many were convinced of the necessity of a change of heart. William McGee, who had been educated for the ministry, was convinced that he did not have an experience of religion, and took no rest until God converted his soul, and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus. His mother also was brought under conviction, and did not rest until she obtained the pardon of her sins. A gracious revival commenced in the neighborhood, and John McGee labored in it for some weeks with abundant success; and, before he left his friends, the door of the church was opened to him, and from the pulpit he preached to the people. Man does not see as God sees: William McGee was chosen by the family to be a preacher; but God made a preacher first of John McGee; and he

was God's instrument in the conversion of his brother, who soon afterward began really to preach the gospel. I have often listened to his preaching with a great deal of interest; and he preached most forcibly the scriptural doctrine of a change of heart. I know not how long John McGee continued in the travelling connection; though I believe it was for a good many years. He married a Miss Johnson in North Carolina, and in 1797 or 1798 he removed to Middle Tennessee, and settled in the vicinity of Dixon Spring, Smith county. He was a great instrument in the revival of 1800, when he, in company with his brother, attended the popular meetings among the Presbyterians, and together they stood, shoulder to shoulder, in waging war against the hosts of hell. He was well educated in the English branches, and had a fine address, and a keen, sharp voice. He was a bold defender of Methodism, and was one of the most energetic and useful preachers of his day. He raised a family of four daughters and one son. His eldest daughter married the Rev. Thomas Logan Douglass. Another married the Rev. Thomas Joyner, and another, Col. Burchett Douglass, who was named after that man of God, the Rev. Henry Burchett. The other daughter married Dr.

Timothy Walton. I have forgotten whom his son married. John McGee excelled as a farmer as well as a preacher. He died—I do not recollect the date—from an ulcer on his arm, at his beautiful homestead in Smith county. So passed away a great and good man—one of the most successful preachers of his day.

CHAPTER XII.

THOMAS WILKERSON.

In my narrative I have already mentioned Thomas Wilkerson; but I shall now write more fully of him. He was a man of fine sense and beautiful address, and appeared to be beloved by all who knew him. He was not a law-preacher, though argumentative in the treatment of a subject. Chiefly, however, his success was owing to his powers of persuasion. He was a son of consolation, whose speech distilled like the gentle dew. He was one of the sweet singers of Israel, and an incident in point here may be noticed. He was preaching at a great camp-meeting at Union, on the west fork of Goose Creek, in Sumner county. His subject led him to speak of the day of judgment, and particularly of Christ's second advent, surrounded by the angels of God. He had the feelings of his hearers wrought to the highest pitch, so that some almost thought they saw the Saviour coming to earth. Suddenly

he stopped preaching, and, lifting his eyes toward heaven, he sang that good old song:

> "Don't you see my Jesus coming?
> Don't you see him in yonder cloud?" etc.

The effect was wonderful. Many sprang to their feet, and clapped their hands, and shouted aloud, "Come, Lord Jesus, I am prepared to go with thee!" Sinners were struck with horror, and cried mightily for mercy and salvation. It was, indeed, a time of great power and glory, in which many souls, precious and blood-bought, were translated from darkness to light, and brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. I knew Thomas Wilkerson well. In the revival of 1800 he was a greatly honored instrument in the hands of God; and during the course of his ministry he was very successful in winning souls. After travelling and preaching for a number of years, he married Mrs. Cobb, a wealthy and pious widow lady in East Tennessee.

JOHN A. GRENADE.

At the beginning of the present century, there sprang up, and soon passed away, one of the most extraordinary men ever known in the country; and as I was intimately acquainted with him, it is proper

I should give a brief sketch of his life. I allude to John Adam Grenade, the poet of the backwoods' settlement, and a preacher of strange power, though called by many people the wild man. No person, as far as I have seen, has given any written account of him, except Dr. Baker, who, in a communication addressed to the Rev. James B. Finley, has given a very correct description of his preaching, and the singular effects that followed it. Grenade was a native either of Virginia or North Carolina—of the latter State, I believe. He embraced religion and joined the Methodists in the county of his nativity. It was deeply impressed upon his mind that he was called to preach the gospel; but rejecting the call, he lost all religious enjoyment. In the fall of 1798, he removed with his brother-in-law to Tennessee, and settled a few miles from the place where I lived, on Goose Creek, in Sumner county, and there I became acquainted with him. He learned there was circuit-preaching in the neighborhood, and made his appearance at meeting shortly after his arrival in the country. At that time he was the most pitiable human being upon whom I ever rested my eyes. His agony of soul was so intense that he scarcely took food enough to support nature, and the effects of his

abstinence told plainly upon his health and physical condition in general. He was not deranged, but was in a state of desperation about his soul. He said that once he had enjoyed religion, but he feared mercy for him was clean gone for ever. Nevertheless, he constantly pleaded with God for mercy through Jesus Christ. Days, and weeks, and months together he spent in the wild woods, crying for mercy, *mercy*, MERCY! In his roamings the Bible was his companion always. His horse, which he sometimes rode to meeting, seemed almost to understand his situation. I have met him after he had started to meeting, when his horse was feeding by the road-side, while he sat with head upturned and hands raised towards heaven, praying God to have mercy upon him; and all the while he seemed unconscious that he was on horseback. Great pains were taken with him by preachers and people. Quite naturally, his case excited sympathy, which was much increased among those who perceived he had been well raised and educated, and that he was endowed with an uncommon poetical talent. In fact, he was a born poet, and during his dreadful depression, he composed pieces of poetry, the publication of which now would quite astonish the world.

Grenade continued in this melancholy situation until the fall of 1800, when he attended the great meeting, already noticed, held by the Presbyterians, on Desha's Creek; and at that meeting he obtained deliverance from bondage. I was present at the time. The scene was awful and solemn beyond description. It drew the attention of the hundreds of people assembled on the ground, and the clergy as well as the laity were struck with wonder, while they witnessed a change, the like of which had never before come under their notice. Heaven was pictured upon the face of the happy man, and his language, as though learned in a new world, was apparently superhuman. He spoke of angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and dwelt with rapture upon the fulness and freeness of the gospel of Christ for the salvation of a lost world. From that meeting immediately he went forth and began to speak in public, and soon afterwards he was licensed to preach the gospel. He had the most singular exercises in preaching—his hands and feet, as well as his tongue, being constantly in motion. I have frequently seen him at private houses, when, if he commenced preaching on one side of the room, he would end his sermon on the opposite side. He had much know-

ledge of the Holy Scriptures, was a man of great imagination and commanding appearance, and his preaching was very successful. The preachers sought to induce him to take a circuit; but, if he tried it, he would, before making one round, be perhaps forty or fifty miles distant from the place of his regular appointment, at some point out of the way. Preaching thus irregularly, he drew the attention of the people, and multitudes crowded to hear him. He went on thus, preaching anywhere and everywhere, at his own will, until the spring of 1801, when, wishing to convince preachers and people that God had called him to labor in that way, he undertook to prophesy one Sabbath, in the midst of a long spell of very dry weather—he was preaching to a large congregation—and he told the people that, if it did not rain the next Sabbath, God had not called him to labor as he was doing. Thus his great zeal proved a snare to him. The next Sabbath was a beautiful, clear, bright day, without the shadow of a cloud even, to keep the prophet in countenance. Grenade saw his error, and, going immediately to one of the preachers, John Page, he gave himself into his hands for disposal. About three months afterwards, Quarterly-meeting Conference came on, of which I was a member at that time.

Bishop McKendree was then presiding elder. The case of prophesying by John A. Grenade was brought forward for hearing, and, though it has been more than fifty years ago, I remember well the proceedings of that day. John Page, though a great stickler for discipline, arose and told the Conference that Brother Grenade had been with him for three weeks, and that he was the most prayerful and devoted man with whom he had ever travelled, and, for that reason, he hoped the Conference would deal as mercifully with him as they could consistently do under the circumstances. It was decided that he should be deprived of his license as a preacher for three months, though during that time he might hold meetings as an exhorter; and that, if he conducted himself well, his license should be restored to him at the end of three months. After this decision, Grenade, who had retired, was called into the house, and, upon his return, he exhorted the members of the Conference, and urged them to pray to God. The secretary read to him the decision in his case, and, upon hearing it, he exclaimed, "What! not preach for three months!" He then told the Conference that if they could stop the devil for three months, he would submit to the decision; but as long as the

devil went about as a roaring lion, he was bound to wage war against him. When it was explained to him that he might exhort the people, it seemed not to satisfy him; so that he did not surrender his license to the Conference, and it was feared he would not yield it to them. The brethren, supposing perhaps that I had greater influence with him than any other man, laid it upon me to try and get his license away from him. So that evening I induced him to take a walk with me; and while we were in a retired place, I told him that the Conference had dealt mercifully with him, in allowing him even to exhort the people, in which work for three months he might do as much good as he had ever done in that length of time; and that, with this view of the matter, he ought to submit to the decision in his case. He yielded the point, and gave his license to me. I remember well the appropriate remarks of the presiding elder on the occasion, when, among other things, said he, "Brother Grenade, had I given latitude to my religious feelings when I was young, I should have gone astray. Our zeal should be founded on the word of God and according to knowledge." Grenade went forth from that Conference, and I suppose he never, for three months, did more

good than he did during this time of his suspension as a preacher. He seemed to have a peculiar enmity against the devil, and would call him by singular names, that would create levity in these days of refinement; though he did it in a way that no one then was amused at. He would describe the devil as a man of war, with a gun in hand, trying to shoot the righteous. Then he would undertake to show how the gun might be put out of order, so that the devil should miss his aim. By prayer and faith he would bend the barrel, or knock off the hind sight, and thus the devil would shoot, and be disappointed in his expectation. His meetings were attended by immense crowds of people, and his labors resulted in turning many to righteousness.

At the end of three months, Grenade was again licensed as a preacher, and in the fall of 1801 he was admitted into the travelling connection, and was sent to East Tennessee, where he labored with great success. The people in vast numbers congregated at his appointments, and followed him as they used to do Lorenzo Dow, from neighborhood to neighborhood. They erected stands in the woods from which he preached to them; and often he broke down the stands by stamping with his feet and smiting with his

hands. A gentleman told me that he went to hear him in East Tennessee at a private house, and a large building, too, though the congregation was so great that not near all were accommodated. After preaching, the members of the Church retired up-stairs for class-meeting, and they crowded in until the room above was filled, and the one below was still nearly full. Grenade was in one of his big ways, and spoke aloud, so as to be heard below as well as above. In a loud voice he said he felt like breaking the trigger of hell, and, giving a tremendous stamp with his foot, he actually broke one of the joists, which made a report almost like the firing of a gun. The people below screamed and ran to the door, some thinking hell had overtaken them. But the accident did not at all dampen the preacher's ardent zeal. These things I mention as evidence of the man's eccentricity.

But with all these wild and curious movements, Grenade was one of the most devoted and useful men. Well versed in the Scriptures, particularly the prophecies, into which he could go deeper than any one I have ever heard, and gifted in language and voice, he was one of the most extraordinary preachers of his day. He could paint the sublime glories of heaven so vividly, that

it seemed almost as though one were gazing upon the reality; and he could so represent the horrors of hell, and the punishment of the wicked, that the scene almost made one's hair rise on his head. He travelled and preached for three years, I believe, in East Tennessee and Virginia, and then returned to Middle Tennessee completely broken down, so that he could speak only in a low tone of voice. Soon after his return, I saw him at a camp-meeting, where I heard him talk a sermon in a feeble way, as to manner, though in matter it was a stream of divinity. He was entirely cured of his wild ways: his hands and feet were motionless, and indeed his sermon was unattended by the slightest bodily agitation. Not long afterwards he married a Miss Babb, of Wilson county, where, having settled, he entered upon the practice of medicine, but died in a few years. I believe he viewed me as one of his best friends, and I have written thus of him because such a man should not be forgotten by the Church.

CHAPTER XIII.

STEPHEN BROOKS.

THIS eminent man of God was with us in 1792, (if my memory fail me not:) he labored faithfully—patiently enduring hardships and perils incident at that day—warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come. I know nothing relative to his parentage and early life. He was universally beloved by all who knew him. He was a man of excellent sense, gentlemanly deportment, and one of the first order of ministers. His labors were owned and blessed of God by the turning of many from darkness to light. Indeed, he was such a favorite with the people, that I heard my brother-in-law, Wilson Cage, say that if he had to hear but one sermon before dying, he would choose Stephen Brooks to preach it. I think he settled in East Tennessee. He was one of the delegates in 1796 who framed our State Constitution. Whether he is living or not, I do not know.

JOHN COBLER.

This holy man of God, I think, was with us in 1797 or 1798, (I am not certain which.) He was a native of Virginia, born in 1768, in Halifax county—entered the travelling connection in 1788 or 1789. It was said of him that he sowed the first gospel seeds sown in Ohio. There is little doubt that he preached the first sermon ever delivered where Cincinnati now is. He was a perfect gentleman, a most devoted Christian, and the best of preachers: he was also a most finished scholar. He labored ardently with us with great success, being exceedingly faithful in the discharge of every ministerial duty. He returned to Virginia, and died at an advanced age a happy and triumphant death.

Among the first-fruits of Methodism in this country who were noted for their faithfulness as Christians and leaders among us, I must make mention of Isaac Lindsey, William McNelly, and Lewis Crane: their names merit a passing notice. Isaac Lindsey came with the first emigrants to this country in 1780, and settled in Eaton's Station, in sight of Nashville. He was a man of the very first order of talents, as before said in a preceding chapter. He was sworn in a magis-

trate in Nashville in 1783. He removed to Sumner county, and settled near where Sandersville now is, at what is called Lindsey's Bluff, on Cumberland river; and in 1787, when Sumner first became a county, he was again sworn in as a magistrate, and was one of the leading members of the court. That year he embraced religion under the ministry of Benjamin Ogden. Shortly after, he began to exhort. He was the father of Rev. Isaac Lindsey, who was murdered by Carrol. He died at an advanced age at his home—Lindsey's Bluff. Such a man should never be forgotten.

William McNelly was the father of Rev. George McNelly, well known to many who now live. He was among the first emigrants to this country. He was an honest, clever, harmless man—a true patriot and soldier to his country. He lived and died a devoted Christian. He was an exhorter: he and Isaac Lindsey were the first exhorters licensed among us in this country.

Lewis Crane, son-in-law of Isaac Lindsey, came to this country with him, and settled in Cage's Bend, Sumner county. He was a very devoted Christian. Some years after embracing religion, he was licensed to preach as a local minister, and labored with much zeal. He was my classmate

in the first society formed in Cage's Bend: he was the father of Rev. John Crane, who died a member of Tennessee Conference: he lived to an old age, and died in Cage's Bend.

The first Methodist church built in Nashville was in 1789 or 1790—a stone building—and stood somewhere where the Square now is. It did not stand long: the town increasing, it was moved. The first Methodist church built on the north side of the Cumberland river, in Davidson county, was four miles north of Nashville, on White's Creek, near the house of Absalom Hooper, and called Hooper's Chapel. The first Methodist church built in Robertson county was Bowen's Chapel, near Springfield. The first ever built in Sumner county was on the Big Station Camp Creek, one mile north of the present pike road, and called Norris's Chapel. I assisted in its building.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE were some excellent ministers of the gospel with us in early times, whose names should never be forgotten. The first that I shall notice is

BENJAMIN TUCKER.

He was with us in 1789, as well as my memory serves me. I think he only remained a few months, as young preachers in that day were frequently changed from one circuit to another. I know nothing of his birth or parentage. He was a first-rate young man, and well received by the people. An incident occurred at my mother's, while he travelled here, that I shall notice. Her cabin had become a circuit-preaching place. The first time that Brother Tucker came around and preached at her house, the congregation was made up principally of men, and in those days men generally carried their rifles on their shoulders when they went to preaching. After sermon, Brother Tucker said that he would hold class-meeting—there being a small society formed at

my mother's. The people were universally ignorant of the nature of class-meeting, and not one left the house. He stepped to the door and closed it, and drew a bench against it; and the people were seated all around the house, and the bench against the door was filled up, so there was no getting out of the cabin. He commenced his examination around the house, not missing an individual. A more scared set of men perhaps you never saw. He went on until he came to a Dutchman, by the name of Catron, who spoke broken English. He was a man of good sense: he was an uncle of Judge Catron, of Nashville. He was grossly ignorant on the subject of religion; and although it has been sixty-eight years ago since the occurrence took place, it is still fresh in my memory. Brother Tucker addressed him in this language: "Well, brother, do you think the Lord, for Christ's sake, has ever pardoned your sins?" The answer was, "Sometimes I toes, and sometimes I toes n't." He then asked him a second question: "Do you ever pray?" The answer was, "Sometimes I toes, and den I shovels him off again." There was a man, by the name of Thomas Hamilton, as brave a man as ever took a gun or sword in hand: he had fought through the Revolutionary war, and would turn his back

upon no man at a pull of fisticuff: he sat near the fireplace; and when the preacher got near him, he became very restless, looking towards the door; but finding he could not get out there, would look up the cabin chimney; then towards the back of the house, where his hat lay. When the preacher was examining one or two nearest him, he sprang to his feet, took up the cabin chimney, went out at the top, mounted his horse, bareheaded, left his gun, if he had one—and I believe he had—and rode five miles home to the ridge station, the most scared man perhaps you ever saw. His wife saw him coming bareheaded, ran out and met him, and said, "Tommy, have the Indians been after you?" His answer was, "Worse than Indians!" Both these men, Catron and Hamilton, afterward professed religion. Catron became the greatest light of his day, and died in the triumphs of a living faith. Hamilton told me afterwards that he had fought the British and tories throughout North Carolina, and never was so badly scared before. I name these things to show you the gross ignorance of the people of that day. Were we not a green set? I know not what became of Brother Tucker after he left us. He was an excellent man of God; and I hope, if dead, that he has gone to heaven.

JESSE WALKER.

About the beginning of the present century, there was an excellent man of God, by the name of Jesse Walker. I think he joined the Conference in 1802. I have mentioned in a former chapter, that I saw Bishop Whatcoat ordain him. He was a man of but little education, but he was a persevering, zealous preacher. His labors were greatly owned and blessed of the Lord wherever he went. He formed the Red River Circuit, which embraced what is now Logan county, Kentucky, Robertson, Montgomery, Dickson, and Stewart counties, in Tennessee; added many to the Church, and labored with great success. He then formed Livingston Circuit, embracing the mouth of Cumberland river, where he was instrumental in getting up a gracious revival. James Axley and Peter Cartwright, men well known, were the fruits of this revival. Soon after, he became itinerant preacher, and travelled extensively. In 1807, he travelled in Illinois, where he was remarkably useful in getting up and carrying on a glorious revival of religion. He was afterwards sent to Missouri to form new circuits; and then was presiding elder on the Illinois district, and was for a long time laboring as a pio-

neer to the North-west extremities of the work; and for some years missionary to the Indians in that direction, and stationed on the Chicago mission. Thus did this laborious and useful man of God spend near thirty years in what may be termed itinerant missionary labor, almost entirely in cultivating new ground and forming circuits, as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" While the tide of emigration was flowing rapidly West and North-west, Jesse Walker was ever on the alert: his ardent itinerant soul seemed to grasp the whole North-western region, ever ready to say, "Here am I: send me to the poor, to the needy, to the camps or to the woods, to the pathless desert, yea, to the savage tribes, to carry the news of redeeming love, and plant the standard of the cross, and gather into the fold of Christ scattered and perishing souls. This enterprising itinerant pioneer set out in this work in the year 1802 or 1803, from Davidson county. He was a poor man then, having a wife and two or three children, and doubtless continued poor, as Methodist preachers in those days never got rich by preaching. I saw an account of Brother Walker filling some missionary station away up at the head of the Mississippi at the age of seventy. I never

saw any account of his death, but no doubt he is gone to reap the reward of his labor, in heaven.

CLIFTON ALLEN.

Clifton Allen emigrated to Middle Tennessee, Sumner county, in the year 1796 or 1797, and settled on the Bresby Fork of Bledsoe's Creek, on the same survey of land that I am now living on. He was a Baptist preacher, and emigrated from North Carolina to this country. I believe he was raised in the State of Virginia. He possessed fair preaching talents for that day, was a man of fine sense, and appeared as though he had been well raised and pretty well educated. He had considerably passed the meridian of life; in fact, he was so far advanced that the people generally called him "Father Allen." He preached about among the people, and soon became a great favorite. The Methodists and Presbyterians would flock out to hear Father Allen. He preached sound experimental doctrine—repentance toward God and faith in Christ, and that a sinner must know his sins forgiven. He was remarkably open and free in his spirit, and seemed to possess none of that close sectarian feeling that the Baptists do in this our day, as I do not recollect that I ever heard him press the subject of immersion in

my life in his preaching. The Baptists at that day had a church, called Elbethel, about one and a half mile from where Gallatin now stands. Father Allen attached himself to that church when he came to the country; and when the great revival broke out in 1800, he fell in with it, and labored with us faithfully. In 1801, he went to a great sacramental meeting held at Shiloh, and when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, the preacher gave a general invitation for all the lovers of Jesus to come and partake. Father Allen went forward and communed, and it was soon spread abroad throughout the country that Clifton Allen, a Baptist preacher, had communed with the Presbyterians and Methodists. In a very short time he was cited to appear before his church. I was not present at the trial, but old Father Allen told me all about it. He was a man that possessed a good deal of originality and shrewdness. He told me that the clerk read the charge against him, and it was this: "For communing with other denominations." They then asked him if he did. His answer was, "Brethren, am I to be both plaintiff and defendant in this case? If I did, prove it." The old soldier said he then sat still, and never opened his mouth: he saw that he

had them in a close place. The question was then put to the church: "Brother, did you *see* him?" The answer was, "*No.*" And so the question went around the whole church, and not one present had seen him commune. The old soldier, in telling me about it, observed that if they had gone to Shiloh hill, they could have proved it by five hundred witnesses. He observed, that he saw he had them in a close place. At length they asked him the second time: "Brother Allen, did you commune?" His answer was, "I did." They then asked him how he came to do it: he answered, "The preacher invited me to come to my Lord and Master's table, and in doing it the Lord blessed my soul and made me happy." They then asked him if it were to do again would he do it, and he answered, "I would." He was so venerable a man that they hated to give him up; and if they turned him out for the charge they had brought against him, they would be disgraced as a Church professing Christianity. They then asked him if he wished to withdraw from them: he answered, he did, unless they would suffer him to commune with the Lord's people when and where he pleased. So the old soldier got clear of the Baptists. He went on preaching as he had done be-

fore, for a short time, perhaps something like a year, belonging to no Church. He then joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was regarded as one of the most laborious and useful local preachers we had among us; and I very little doubt that if he had not been so far advanced in years, he would have joined the travelling connection. He fully embraced the doctrines held by the Methodist Church: his sole object seemed to be to induce the people to become religious. He would administer the ordinance of baptism in any way that the subject wished it—either by sprinkling, pouring, or immersion. He was a member of our Quarterly Conference in Sumner county for, I think, about twenty years, and was a faithful attendant at Quarterly meetings. He was grandfather to the Rev. Dr. Allen Browning, who died a few years ago in Missouri, and great-grandfather of the Rev. William Browning, now presiding elder in the Tennessee Conference. Although far advanced in years, he was out on a preaching tour when taken sick; was brought home, and died in a short time. It can be truly said of Father Allen, "He died at his post." He selected his own burying-ground, a few hundred yards from where my present residence now is, and was buried

there in his family grave-yard. Thus passed away one amongst the best men that I ever knew, whose name should go down to future generations.

CHAPTER XV.

ZADOCK BAKER THAXTON.

The Rev. Zadock Baker Thaxton was a native of North Carolina: of his parentage I know nothing. He had been a well-raised and pretty well-educated man; and emigrated to Middle Tennessee about the year 1791, or 1792. He was a single man, agreeable, sociable, and gentlemanly. In 1793, when that excellent man of God, Henry Burchett, preached for us, Brother Thaxton was awakened to a sense of his lost and undone situation by nature. He truly might have been called a mourner in Zion. I was an eye-witness to his distresses, and heard his strong cries and prayers offered up to God for mercy, until at length, at a prayer-meeting in Cage's Bend, at old Brother Dillard's, the Lord most powerfully converted his soul. I was standing by, looking on at him when he professed religion. His expression and conversation were heavenly.

He directly took up the cross, and prayed with us in our prayer-meetings, and attached himself to the Methodist Church. I think that it was the next year, 1794, that he returned to North Carolina, where he had been raised; and about 1800 he returned to Tennessee again; and while he was gone, he had married, and he brought his companion with him. When he returned, he told me that he must preach the gospel. I think he commenced speaking in public before he came back; but at what time he was licensed to preach I am not certain; but I think that it was about 1800. He went forth as a flaming herald, proclaiming life and salvation to a dying and guilty world. He brought a young negro man with him when he returned from North Carolina: he told me that he intended to emancipate him, which he did, from a conscientious principle, which caused him a great deal of trouble afterwards. The boy turned out extremely bad, which caused Brother Thaxton a great deal of trouble and expense, and he greatly regretted that he had ever set him free. I am not certain at what time he joined the Conference. He was a useful, persevering preacher; formed Roaring River Circuit, was instrumental in getting up a glorious revival, and forming many societies on that circuit. He

also formed Duck River Circuit, and travelled there with great success. He rode the various circuits in Middle Tennessee and the southern part of Kentucky for a great many years, and was considered one of the best theologians that belonged to the Conference. His preaching was a stream of divinity. He travelled as long as he was able, and afterwards became supernumerary, and finally superannuated. He had settled in Allen county, near Scottsville, Kentucky; became so palsied that he could not walk; was a poor man, and had raised a small family. I think that it was about 1850, or 1851, the good Lord removed the old soldier from time to eternity. I am told that he died in the triumphs of a living faith. Thus passed away one amongst the most holy and devoted men I ever knew.

LEARNER BLACKMAN.

The subject of this sketch, Learner Blackman, was born in the State of New Jersey: the exact date I do not know. He was descended from pious parents; commenced his itinerant labors about the year 1800; was sent to the Kent Circuit; and, after this, he travelled in regular succession, Dover, Russel, New River, and Lexington Circuits. In these respective fields he labored

with great success; and in 1805 he was sent a missionary to Natchez, which was then the farthest field of labor in the West. To reach his appointment, he had to pass through the Chickasaw and Choctaw nations of Indians, a distance of five hundred miles, where there was no white inhabitants. No hardship could daunt his youthful ardor, though he frequently had to lie out, with his saddle for his pillow. When he reached the point of destination, the country of Natchez, he commenced cultivating the gospel seed which had been sown there by that eminent man of God, Tobias Gibson.

He found the whole membership in that country to be something under two hundred. The personal appearance of Blackman was prepossessing, and impressed one, on looking on his tall, slender form, and dark, flashing eye, that he had genius and eloquence. In conversation, the brilliancy of his manner would demonstrate that fact in a remarkable degree. But to judge of his eloquence, however, he must be heard; and none who were permitted to listen to his silvery voice, when engaged in description or impassioned strains, would go away without being impressed with his power over the heart. He travelled that country and preached one year with great suc-

cess, and added many to the Church. He served there as presiding elder in 1806–7, and extended the work westward, in Louisiana; and, at the winding up of his three years' labor in that region, he had the pleasure of seeing a great many new circuits formed, and the membership greatly increased; and in 1808–9, he was sent to the Holston district, in East Tennessee, as presiding elder, and was well received, and his labors greatly blessed. In 1810–11, he was sent to the Cumberland district—the district that I belonged to—where his labors were also greatly blessed, and he was well received by the people. There I first formed an acquaintance with that excellent man of God. I am not capable of describing his eloquence and usefulness. I have attended camp-meetings with him, which were very common in those days—I am sorry to say such is not the case in these latter days. I have known Brother Blackman to get up on the last day of the camp-meeting, call the assembly together, tell them that he would gather up the fragments, that nothing might be lost, and take every text that had been preached from during the whole camp-meeting, make a short comment on every text, and wind it up in a most beautiful manner. The like I have never seen done by

any other presiding elder. This was his usual practice at every camp-meeting that I ever attended with him. In 1812–13, he was appointed presiding elder to the Nashville district; and in 1812, war was declared by the United States against Great Britain, and General Jackson proposed to the War Department to raise three thousand volunteers: the proposition was accepted, and that number immediately raised; and on the 22d of November we were mustered into service at Nashville. We were ordered to New Orleans, and were encamped a month in the vicinity of Nashville before we could procure boats to go down the river. Considerable anxiety prevailed in the camps respecting a selection of a chaplain to the army. Some preferred the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, a very talented Presbyterian preacher. Mr. Blackburn came and preached to the army while we were encamped there. Some preferred Joseph Dorris, a talented Baptist preacher. General Jackson, though then a wicked man, had been raised by pious Presbyterian parents. Laying every prejudice aside, he made choice of Learner Blackman. Here I became more intimately acquainted with that excellent man of God and his great worth. We were forty days on board of our boats before we

reached Natchez, being detained by the running of the ice in the Ohio and Mississippi. I was an eye-witness to Brother Blackman's faithfulness and diligence to the army. He attended to the sick, and preached in the different boats. He would come and request me to go with him on Sabbath—he frequently preached twice on that day. I have taken a canoe and carried him to a boat—each boat carried a captain's company. On arriving at the boat, he would tell the captain he had come to preach to him and his men. The way the thing was managed was this: The steersman was appointed to his place at the steering-oar to keep the boat in order, and the speaker stood in the centre of the boat, and the soldiers on each side—eighty or one hundred men composed a very good congregation. Thus have I heard this faithful man of God declare life and salvation while floating down the father of waters. Very frequently he would preach to a captain and his company of a night. He boarded with General Jackson, where he kept up constant family prayer. The General and his staff-officers paid great respect to him. On arriving at Natchez, the General received news from the War Department to stop the army. There we marched out from our boats, six miles, to Washington, and

formed an encampment, which was called Camp Jackson. Brother Blackman had the pleasure of visiting his former field of labor, and of seeing a great increase in the Church in the five years that he had been absent. He was most cordially received by his brethren in that vicinity. In the spring of the year we returned back to Tennessee by land, marching through the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, on to Columbia, in Tennessee, where we were dismissed. Brother Blackman resumed his labors as presiding elder; and, in 1814–15, he was reäppointed by the Conference to the Cumberland district; and about that time he married the widow Elliot, of Sumner county, an excellent, pious lady; and in 1815, he so arranged the business of his district as to visit the State of Ohio, where he had some relations and a great many acquaintances. The Rev. John Collins, a very noted and excellent preacher, of that State, was married to a sister of his. He and his wife passed on through the neighborhood where I lived, on Goose Creek, buoyant in spirit; went on and paid a short visit, and started back home, to meet his appointments as presiding elder; came on to Cincinnati, and got on board of the ferry-boat. The ferryman pushed off the boat, and, after he had gotten a short distance

from the shore, hoisted his sail; the horses became frightened at the sail; Brother Blackman held on to them, and before relief could come to him, they had jumped overboard and knocked him out of the boat; and he sunk to rise no more. He was said to be an excellent swimmer, but it was supposed that he had got crippled by being knocked out of the boat. After great exertion his body was found, and his remains, I suppose, are lying in Cincinnati. Thus ended the life of one among the most useful itinerant preachers that ever belonged to the Methodist connection. A short time afterwards his wife returned, dejected and heart-broken at the loss of her excellent husband. I knew Learner Blackman; I knew him well; and I have no hesitancy in saying that he was one of the first order of men I ever knew.

CHAPTER XVI.

It is not proposed in these sketches to notice living preachers; but, in justice to my own feelings, I cannot pass by

JOHN PAGE.

He was among the early pioneers of the West, and was admitted on trial as a travelling preacher in 1792, and stationed on the Lexington Circuit, Kentucky. He travelled various circuits in Kentucky; for those were days of real itinerancy, preachers seldom remaining on one station more than three or six months. He then had to learn how to endure hardships, suffer afflictions, and brave the dangers of the wilderness; to traverse the frontiers, follow the by-paths along which the Indians frequently skulked, or lay in ambush, to bear privations, and labor with no other prospect of notice or reward than that promised by his Divine Master, who had sent him, and who himself had not where to lay his head. He continued to travel in Kentucky and Tennessee until the great revival of religion in 1800, in which he

acted a conspicuous and useful part. I was an eyewitness to the labors and usefulness of John Page; he was ranked among the first order of preachers of his day. The Church was under stronger obligations to John Page than to any man I knew of his day. He was a strong defender of the doctrines held by the Methodist Church; he possessed a great deal of originality, and was devoted to the itinerant system, and continued to travel and preach as long as he was able. At the Conference of 1802, which I have noticed in a former chapter, a new district was laid off, called the Cumberland district. John Page was appointed presiding elder, which appointment he filled with a great deal of usefulness. The district was very large; if I am not mistaken, it embraced all Middle Tennessee and the southern part of Kentucky. I believe that Lewis Garret followed him as presiding elder; and after Garret, William McKendree—afterwards Bishop McKendree. John Page was such a lover of the itinerant system, that after he became worn out with age and hard labor, he still held a supernumerary relation to the Conference, and attended, I believe, the Annual Conferences, as long as he was able to get to them. He was living, a few weeks ago, in Smith county, at the

advanced age of near ninety, I think; and, I am told, so entirely superannuated that there is a guardian appointed to take care of him and his property. I am not capable of portraying the worth of this excellent man of God. I knew him long and well—our wives being pretty nearly related. He raised a pretty large and, I am told, a very respectable family of children, who are all grown; and he is in possession of a handsome property, enough to make him entirely comfortable through life. I pray God that, when he comes to die, he may leave the world in the triumphs of a living faith.

JAMES GWIN.

James Gwin was a preacher whose talents and usefulness were well known to a good many yet living in Middle Tennessee. We were associated when we were but young men. He was a native of North Carolina, embraced religion and married there. Shortly after his marriage, he emigrated to Cumberland, which was in the year 1791; stopped at Hamilton station, Sumner county; attached himself to the society I belonged to, on Drake's Creek, a few miles from the station. He was an active, sprightly young man, a fine soldier, and rendered excellent service in fighting

the Indians. There was no man among us more brave than James Gwin. He was with Lieut. Snoddy at the memorable battle fought with the Indians at Rock Island, on Caney Fork. He was out on various scouting-parties, and at the taking of Nickajack, in 1794; and at the close of the Indian war, he settled on Long Creek. Throughout all of his scouting and Indian scrapes he held out firm to his religious profession; and in 1800, when the great revival took place, he became greatly stirred up; commenced exhorting and holding prayer-meetings throughout the neighborhood. Many a happy hour have I spent with him at prayer-meetings, for the Lord powerfully converted many precious souls. He soon afterwards commenced preaching. He was one of the sweet singers of Israel, and was remarkably gifted in prayer. He had the most extraordinary preaching talents from the time he commenced, and soon became a great favorite with the people, and crowds flocked to hear him, and his labors were greatly blessed. Many were added to the Church; and, in 1802, at the Annual Conference held in Sumner county, he joined the Conference, at the same time that Jesse Walker did, whom I have before spoken of. He filled many very important stations in the

Church. He was presiding elder. He formed the Barren Circuit, and, in 1807, he went, in company with William McKendree, who was then presiding elder in this country, to cultivate the gospel seed sown by Jesse Walker and Benjamin Young in Illinois and Missouri, and held camp-meetings in that country, which was but thinly settled.

Their visit to that country was kindly received and their labors greatly blessed, and many were added to the Church. He resided a while in Nashville and then went to Mississippi, and was in the travelling connection there. The exact date of his death I do not know, but I believe it was in 1839 or 1840. Thus ended the life and labors of a great man of God. He had brought up a family, and, I believe, one of his sons, Dr. William Gwin, is now living in California. I have noticed in the papers that he has been a member of Congress from that State. His wife was living a few years after his death, but I believe she is now dead. She was an excellent woman.

JOHN SEWELL.

John Sewell was a native of North Carolina; embraced religion when quite young, as I have

understood. He was from one of the first families in that country—a son of old Col. Benjamin Sewell. He moved to this country, and I knew him well. At what time John Sewell joined the travelling connection I do not know, but I should judge it must have been as early as 1787, or 1788, for he had travelled in North Carolina and East Tennessee, as I have been informed; and he accompanied Bishop Asbury in 1790, on his first visit to Kentucky, in company with that noted preacher, Hope Hull. Brother Sewell was a man of the first order of talents. Not having the minutes of Conference to guide me, I cannot state the different circuits that he rode. He emigrated to Tennessee about 1797 or 1798, and settled in Cage's Bend, in Sumner county. He was literally worn down by excessive preaching, and was predisposed to consumption. He labored among us faithfully as a local preacher, and took an active part according to his strength in the great revival of 1800. In fact, he was such a favorite of mine that I named one of my sons after him. Whether he is any better man by that I cannot tell; but I trust he is none the worse for the name. I have a hope that John Sewell Carr may meet John Sewell in heaven. About 1801, or 1802, Brother Sewell's health so

failed him that he was able to preach but seldom. The exact date of his death I do not recollect, but I believe that he died in 1804, or 1805—it might have been later than that. There is one circumstance that occurred on the day of his death that is worthy of notice. His physician was Dr. Hamilton. It was said that Dr. Hamilton was a Deist. He paid Brother Sewell a visit. When he got there, he evidently saw that he was dying, and was for hastening off immediately. Brother Sewell, like a Christian philosopher, said to him, "Stay, Doctor, and see a Christian die." It struck Dr. Hamilton with such terror that he became dejected, and had scarcely any thing to say to anybody. The Doctor was inquired of by his friends what was the matter; his answer was that the words of that good man, Mr. Sewell, were continually ringing in his ears, and pierced his heart: "Stay, Doctor, and see a Christian die!" Dr. Hamilton died himself some few years afterwards. Brother Sewell left a wife and a few children. One of his sons, Benjamin Sewell, was a Methodist preacher; he also died with the consumption some twelve or fifteen years ago.

CHAPTER XVII.

I WILL now give you a sketch of the first meeting-house that was ever built upon Goose Creek. In fact, there was none in all that section of the country for many miles around, when the great religious excitement took place in 1800. Our dwelling-houses were too small to hold the large multitude of people that flocked out to meeting. At that time, the Methodists and Presbyterians were almost a unit; they could not tell which shouted the loudest. We determined to build us a house to worship the God of our fathers in. We had a meeting, purchased a piece of ground on a beautiful eminence, convenient to a fine spring. We appointed a day to get the timbers to build our house. When the day arrived, it was wonderful to behold the multitude of people that came out—wagons and teams, choppers and hewers. There could not have been less than forty or fifty men on the ground. By evening we had collected timber to

build a large house; and, in the evening, we laid the foundation; and it was proposed we should have prayer before we parted. We knelt down around the foundation of our building, and prayer was offered up to God in a most solemn manner, that our efforts might be blessed, and that the house that we were building to worship God in might be the spiritual birthplace of many precious souls. When we arose from our knees, I was requested to name the house. I saw such a spirit of brotherly love and union between the Presbyterians and Methodists—for there was no other denomination that assisted in getting the timber together—I told them we would call it UNION. The whole assembly gave in to it cordially. We went on, and in a short time put up a large, roomy meeting-house.

The Presbyterians had no regular preacher of their own denomination. Parson William Hodge, an excellent man of God and a great friend to the revival, had moved to the country the year before, and had settled near where Gallatin now stands. The Presbyterians in the neighborhood of our new meeting-house gave him a call to come and take charge of them as their pastor, which call he accepted, and immediately came on and organized a church. There were some eight

or ten excellent families around about there that were Presbyterians. He preached to them regularly two days in each month, and sometimes oftener. I stood clerk for him two years. The Methodists also had regular preaching there for some length of time. Parson Hodge became so taken with our class-meetings that he told me he wished to introduce something similar among his people, and asked me if I would assist him in it. I told him that I would with pleasure. He said that it would not do to call it class-meeting: that there was some old hard-shell Presbyterians among them that would not stand it; so he appointed a prayer-meeting on Sunday morning, commencing at about eight or nine o'clock. After singing and praying, he came and whispered to me, requesting me to take one side of the house and examine the people, and he would take the other. It was to be understood that the doors were not to be closed; but before we got half through with our examination, the mighty power of God came down among the people. The shouts of the people were so loud and long that it stopped our examination. Upon the whole, we had a glorious class-meeting, and the old brethren were greatly delighted with it. The next time that he came there we proceeded in a

similar way. Before we had gone very far in our examination, up jumped an old hard-shell Presbyterian, and said that he never would submit to such a course—that they might as well join the Methodists at once—that he called it class-meeting, and did not approve of it. This broke up old Brother Hodge's Presbyterian class-meeting, though, I believe, sorely against his will, for he was a great friend to Methodist class-meetings. He had but two elders in his church—David Henry and John Trousdale, a couple of excellent men of God. Parson Hodge then made application to me to serve as an elder in his church: he thought that it would make the union stronger. It was clearly understood that I was to stand as a Methodist. I did not much like the idea, but told him that I would think about it. At that time I was class-leader of a large society. Shortly afterward, Brother John Page came around; he was our presiding elder. I named to him the request Brother Hodge had made of me, to become elder. I reckon that I never shall forget the talk that Page gave me. Page was a man that possessed a great deal of shrewdness and originality. He observed to me: "Brother Carr, a lazy man is always sure to do a good day's work abroad—first clean your own corn-field, and see

that you keep it clean; and then, if you have any time to spare, go over and help your neighbor." The next time that I saw Parson Hodge I told him that I reckoned it would not be advisable for me to act as elder. I did not tell him what Page had said, for I believe that they loved each other as brothers should in Christ.

Parson Hodge preached two years to his congregation at Union, and then told them that he would have to leave them. He strongly recommended them to attend closely to the preaching of the Methodists, and if he could, he would send them another preacher. They were close attendants on our preaching; and after the lapse of six or nine months, several families made application to me to know if they could join our Church as Presbyterians—that they were willing to conform to all the rules and regulations of the Methodist Church; and if they ever had it in their power, and wished to do so, they could go back to their own Church. I told them that I would talk with Brother Page, our presiding elder. I saw Brother Page and named it to him; he told me to take them all into the Church that wished to join. Old Brother David Henry, one of the elders, and his family, Brother John Trousdale, another elder, and his family, two families of the Steven-

sons, and several of the Cathey family, and several others, came forward and joined the Methodist Church; and not one of them ever returned to the Presbyterian Church. Two or three of the Catheys, and about the same number of the Stevensons, afterwards joined the Schismatics. There could not have been less than twenty-five or thirty that continued in the Methodist Church, and they were most excellent members. Old Brother Henry has a son yet living on Goose Creek, who is the father of Col. John Henry, one of the most popular local preachers we have in Sumner county. John Trousdale's oldest son, William, became a Methodist preacher. I just mention these circumstances to show you how we got along fifty odd years ago.

About that time camp-meetings commenced in this country. We built a large encampment where the tribes of God's people came up to worship.

Our expectations were fully realized when we laid the foundation of our house, for it became the spiritual birthplace of hundreds of precious souls. We had a set of excellent men of God who labored faithfully in that day. There were John and William Magee—one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist—who stood shoulder

to shoulder together and warned the wicked to flee the wrath to come. There was Alexander Anderson, whose name should never be forgotten—a man of the first order of talent: he was a Presbyterian preacher. He and John Page were two great instruments in carrying on the work at Union Camp-ground. There were Charles Ledbetter and Hubbard Saunders, who used to labor faithfully with us at our camp-meeting. Brother Ledbetter had two sons that became itinerant preachers: I believe that their names were Rufus and Willie; if I am not mistaken, they both professed at Union Camp-ground. Camp-meetings were kept up annually there for a number of years. William McKendree, who was afterwards Bishop McKendree, was our presiding elder, if I mistake not, in 1806–7. It would be useless for me to say any thing about his talents or of his preaching. He was then in the prime of life. His gentlemanly deportment and Christian humility drew the attention of thousands, and his sweet, shrill voice, attended by the blessing of the Spirit, pierced the hearts of many that heard him. I well recollect upon one occasion, at a camp-meeting at old Union, where there was an immense concourse of people, he took the 11th Psalm for his text. He pro-

ceeded on with his discourse; the congregation was greatly interested. When he came to that part of the Psalm that read, "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup," the mighty power of God came down upon the congregation, and the excitement became so great, and the cries of the distressed so loud, that he could not be heard, and the old elder sat down in his seat with heaven pictured in his face, giving glory to God. It will never be known in time the amount of good that was produced from that faithful preaching, or the number that professed religion on that camp-meeting occasion.

We were favored with the labors of Learner Blackman, that excellent man of God, of whom I have spoken in a former chapter. He was instrumental in turning many from darkness to light.

Perhaps I have tired your patience in dwelling upon old Union, but I assure you that it is a green spot in the history of my former days. I love to write about old Union and talk about it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I WILL now endeavor to give you the great contrast between our *former* and *later* preachers. Our former preachers were itinerants in reality. Their whole time was entirely devoted to the work of God. They did not consider their work more than half done when they preached. Under no circumstances did they neglect class-meeting. I will endeavor to show you how class-meetings were then arranged. The names of all the members were set down upon the class-paper, with the class-leader's name at the head. After preaching, and the doors were closed, the class-leader handed the class-paper over to the preacher. The preacher then commenced his examination, called each name out, and the person either arose or sat, as the case might be, and spoke out so loud that he could be heard by the preacher and all in the house. Very often, before they would get through examination, a Divine influence would descend among the people, and if you had been present, you would almost have thought that

heaven had come down to earth. The class-paper was strictly marked, P. for present, A. for absent, and S. for sick, against each one's name. The class-paper was then returned to the class-leader. As our circuits were then at least four-weeks' circuits, the class-leader was strictly charged by the preacher to hold class-meeting once a week, and to be particular to mark his class-paper as before described. If any person absented himself three times from preaching, or class-meeting, it then became the duty of the class-leader, by the direction of the preacher, to visit him and know the cause; and very often the preacher went along himself.

The preacher never failed, when he visited a family, to have prayer with them, which frequently had a happy effect. If they continued to absent themselves from preaching and class-meeting, they were either dropped or turned out for their negligence. Very often those visits by the preacher were the means under God of restoring the wanderer.

Another very important duty of itinerant preachers in early times was to pay pastoral visits, which they never failed to do. No member of the Church was too poor for those holy men of God to visit. They went to their houses and

partook of their coarse fare, such as bear-meat or venison, or milk and bread; and they stayed all night with us. If we had not a feather-bed to put them on, they would take a pallet on the floor; and I never, under any circumstances, heard one of them murmur or complain of his fare. They never left a family without instructing both parents and children in a most solemn manner; and they generally left a heavenly influence behind them that was not soon forgotten. This was deemed a part of the labor of an itinerant preacher.

But few are prepared to estimate the hardships endured or the important services rendered by these itinerant preachers. It is true they got but little money: sixty-four dollars was their disciplinary allowance; and I am very confident that the early preachers never received the half of that; for the money was not among us; they had but little ease and spent no idle time. The good people who loved the gospel, sometimes gave them homespun clothes; and, if their clothes were ragged, and their pockets penniless, these things did not move them: their way was onward. That zeal and courage which the gospel inspires enabled them to overlift every barrier. To die in the field of battle was their motto, and God gave

them the victory of the cross in this wilderness country.

There was another custom practiced by preachers in early times, that is nearly entirely omitted in these latter days: that is, the manner in which blessings were asked, and thanks returned, when we partook of the comforts of life. If they were seated at the table to dine, or as the case might be, they arose to their feet, when the preacher asked a blessing in a most solemn manner. Then, after partaking of the comforts of life, they all arose again to their feet, and the preacher or some one present returned thanks to God in a most solemn manner. It was viewed very impolite for any person to leave the table until all were done and thanks had been returned. On one occasion, I recollect, and never on but one, of seeing them kneel down around the table after eating, and a short prayer offered up to God. That was done by Wilson Lee at a quarterly meeting held at Hooper's Chapel, on White's Creek, Davidson county. A large company dined at old Absalom Hooper's, after preaching. As we arose from the table to our feet, Brother Lee gave out one verse of a hymn very appropriate; we then knelt down upon our knees, and a short

prayer was offered up to God for the blessings and comforts of life. I have no doubt that it had a happy effect.

It seems to me that there is a considerable difference between the former and the later preaching. Our later preachers preach the same doctrine that the former preachers preached; but yet there is not that Divine power that attends the word that did in former days. When our former preachers prayed, they seemed to pray right up into heaven; and when they preached, they seemed to be clad with the spirit of their Master. Their words were burning words, clothed with the Divine power—came from the heart, and reached the heart of dying sinners. It was not uncommon, under preaching, to hear sinners cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" and perhaps never leave the place until the Lord set their souls at liberty. They were frequently converted under the preaching of the word. There was no mourners' bench in those days; nor calling of mourners up to the altar of prayer. The mourners' bench was all through the congregation. I am certain that I never saw mourners called up to be prayed for until after 1800. As before observed, our later preachers preach the

same doctrine—repentance toward God and faith in Christ; but somehow it has not the same effect on sinners that it had in former days.

There is a contrast between both preachers and people in former and later times relative to fast-days and quarterly meetings. The people looked up to their quarterly meetings with great interest. The preachers enjoined it on the people to meet on Friday before quarterly meeting and hold a prayer-meeting, which we invariably did. Our hearts were warmed at prayer-meeting. We went up the next day to quarterly meeting with a burning zeal for the conversion of sinners. Our presiding elder came clothed with the spirit of the gospel; and our circuit-riders came forward in the same spirit, and the mighty power of God soon came among the people, and many precious souls were brought from darkness to light—from the power of sin and Satan unto the living and true God.

Our love-feasts were conducted differently from what they are now. An early custom was, they came into love-feasts by tickets; and if tickets were not distributed, a prudent, pious man was placed at the door, and no one was admitted into love-feast who wore ruffles, or rings, or jewelry of any description. They were politely told by

the door-keeper that they could not have entrance there with those ornaments on. I would just observe at this period of my narrative, if this rule were observed as it was in early times, but few, and very few, of our female friends would enter into the house of God to partake of love-feast. We scarcely ever failed, under these circumstances, of having a glorious feast.

People thought no hardship of riding twenty or thirty miles to quarterly meeting. We had no turnpike roads nor railroads to travel on, nor carriages of any description. We travelled the narrow path, through heavy cane-brakes, where we were exposed to the war-whoop and scalping-knife of the red man of the forest; but God mercifully preserved us. When I look back at the scenes that transpired between sixty and seventy years ago, and those holy men of God that I had the honor of associating with, it almost makes me feel as if I were young. All those early holy men of God have passed away to great eternity. They sowed the first gospel seed that was sown in Middle Tennessee. Beware, ye shepherds of this day, how you till the ground and feed the flock of God. You have entered into other men's labors.

Our later preachers, so far as my knowledge

extends, attend faithfully to their appointments; that is, they preach to us; but I believe, in a good many places, class-meetings are nearly laid aside. It has been some years since I have been examined in class-meeting by a circuit-rider. True it is, a great many of our later preachers are encumbered with families, which was not the case with early preachers. But my opinion is this: when a man goes upon a circuit he engages to do all the work of an itinerant preacher; and I view barely preaching as not more than half the work of an itinerant preacher. When he neglects his class-meetings, and does not see to the marking of his class-paper, neglects his pastoral visits, and in particular the poor of his flock and the sick that belong to his church, and many other duties that are incumbent on itinerant preachers, and these neglects originate from the attention he has to pay to his family, I would advise him to locate: let some one fill the place who will do it more faithfully. God will take care of his Church. Let encumbrances be moved out of the way. It is prophesied by the world, and by a good many in the Church, that class-meetings will be finally done away; but I hope better things. I wish this matter brought up

before the Annual Conference, and the preachers closely examined on this subject.

Now, my brethren, you that are travelling preachers, feel resolved to come up to the old landmarks of Methodism. I know, and perhaps you know too, that the rules of the Discipline are slackly attended to; and if there is not another course taken in future, the prophecy of the world will come to pass, and our class-meetings will be entirely dropped; then farewell to one among the most useful institutions of Methodism. But I pray you, as an old man, just upon the verge of eternity, to arouse from your negligence. Row against wind and tide—don't let your oar or paddle go; if you do, you will be beat down stream. You will have to encounter serious difficulties before you get back to first principles in Methodism. I speak to both presiding elders and circuit-riders; train yourselves for the race; have no unnecessary encumbrances about you. If you have been led off into vain and foppish practices, lay them aside, and come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. No room for mirth or trifling here. You have upon you the badge of the preacher of the gospel. Immortal souls are committed to your charge. You

will have to render an account to God for your stewardship. I mean no one personally; but this is to all who may read this scrawl.

I have seen a custom among some of the later preachers that was not among the former ones: that of wearing long beards, to prevent them, they say, from having sore throat. Our former preachers went through double the hardships that the later preachers go through: I never saw one of them with his face or throat covered with hair. The fact is, I have but little doubt, had they arisen in the pulpit in that manner, most of the congregation would have left the house. Now, my brethren, I hope before the weather gets cold again, your throats, if they are sore, will be restored; and if the disease should return, try a piece of flannel, and quit this unseemly practice. I recollect, in early times in Middle Tennessee, of seeing a few individuals with such beards as are worn by some of our preachers. They were said to be gamblers, and some called them blackleg gamblers. I suppose that helped to arouse my prejudice against such a practice.

CONCLUSION.

I have now given, in my broken manner, an account of "Early Times in Middle Tennessee."

I have sketched somewhat at length men and things, secular and religious, of those days, according to my recollections of them. In this work, if I have helped to arouse a good deed or a fair name from oblivion, or if I have added to the rational happiness of my readers, I am amply rewarded for the trouble of preparing this narrative. I suppose this is my last effort at sketching the occurrences of early times. In the course of nature, my days are well-nigh numbered, and I shall soon pass away. May you and I, friendly reader, when death comes, be ready for the great change, and enter into the goodly company of the heavenly land!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

[The following interesting letter is extracted from the "Life and Times of the Rev. John Brooks."]

Brother Brooks: According to your request, I now sit down to give you a short sketch of the rise of Methodism in this country. The first Methodist preacher that ever came here was of the name of Ogden—I believe his given name was Benjamin. Middle Tennessee then consisted of three counties, namely: Montgomery, Davidson, and Sumner. The field of operation for Brother Ogden was from Clarksville, Montgomery county, to Bledsoe's Lick, in Sumner county. There were no inhabitants in the east nearer than East Tennessee, and none west of Clarksville. I believe he came here in 1787 or 1788. He labored faithfully among an ignorant, irreligious set of people, and with some success. Whether he formed any societies or not I am not certain. I knew a few individuals that professed religion under his ministry—old Brother Lindsley, and

Brother Crane and their families. Mr. Lindsley was the father of the Rev. Isaac Lindsley, who was murdered a few years since by Carroll; and the Rev. John Crane, who died in the travelling connection, was the son of Brother Crane. He preached from station to station, and in the country where the people had settled out. He labored a good deal about Nashville and in the neighborhood. Whether he travelled the whole year out or not I am not positive. I believe he returned to the next Annual Conference, held in Virginia, sixty members. The next year, James Haw and Peter Massey came; formed one circuit, which contained the whole of Middle Tennessee; formed societies and preached with great success. A very considerable revival broke out. The Methodists were greatly persecuted by other denominations; but God was with them, and they prospered. Brother Massey, I think, died in the neighborhood of Nashville, perhaps the second year that he was here; he was a holy, devoted man. The first presiding elder that came here was of the name of Francis Poythress. We sent a guard to Kentucky to guard him here for fear of the Indians. He was a holy man. The first Methodist meeting-house that was ever built in Davidson county, was built about four miles north

of Nashville, on White's Creek—it was called Hooper's Chapel. I have seen great displays of Divine power there. There was a stone meeting-house put up in Nashville, somewhere about the Public Square; but I think it was built after Hooper's Chapel. The first Methodist meeting-house that was ever built in Sumner county, was built on Big Station Camp, about a mile north of the present turnpike—it was called Norris's Meeting-House. There was a considerable settlement made on the Sulphur Fork of Red river, near to where Springfield now is, called Bonan's settlement—I believe it then belonged to Montgomery county. There was a meeting-house built there called Bonan's Chapel. There I have seen great displays of Divine power. It would look very strange to you now, to see a neighborhood all coming out to preaching and carrying their rifle-guns, to guard their families to and from meeting from the Indians. I have no recollection of such a people as the Methodists until Ogden came here. I believe the greater part of the inhabitants of this country were a good deal like myself, for we were generally backwoods people, and cared but little about religion.

The first quarterly meeting that was ever held in Sumner county, was held at Trammel's Sta-

tion, on Red river. Curiosity excited me to go, for I knew nothing more of the nature of a quarterly meeting than a Choctaw. I went there a vain, prodigal youth. The meeting was held in old Brother Trammel's dwelling-house. When I arrived they were holding love-feast, and the doors were closed. I had never heard of a love-feast before. My curiosity was up to the highest pitch to know what they were doing in there with closed doors. At length I discovered some person had opened the roof of the house; I climbed up and let myself down on a clapboard loft to look at them. When I got there I found a man sitting in the loft; I looked on with astonishment. They were telling their experience, and shouting and giving glory to God. An awful tremor came over me, and I would have given the world to have been out. There I sat like a condemned criminal; for I had come in like a thief or a robber, not by the door; I expected God would kill me and send me to hell, for I hadn't strength to go out the way I came in. But the first thing I knew, I was down upon the floor among the people crying to God for mercy. I did not obtain forgiveness at that time, but my mouth was shut and I could not bear to persecute the Methodists again. From that day to this I

have believed them to be the people of God. The next regular preachers that came were Wilson Lee and Joseph Lillard. I believe Lillard did not stay long, but returned to Kentucky; but Brother Lee travelled a year, and preached with great success, and was an eminent man, and there was a great revival under his ministry. Methodism began to raise its head up, and the mouths of gainsayers were stopped; sinners fell like dead men in battle, and when they came to they arose giving glory to God.

——"Telling to all around
What a dear Saviour they had found."

Convictions were powerful, and conversions bright. It was not uncommon for men to get on their horses and ride all through the neighborhood, exhorting their neighbors to flee the wrath to come. There was a small society formed at my mother's, on Drake's Creek, and her house became a circuit preaching-place.

I will relate a circumstance that occurred there, to show the ignorance of the people relative to Methodism in that day. There was a first-rate young man came on the circuit, by the name of Benjamin Tucker; he preached at my mother's, and after preaching said he would hold class-

meeting. The people were universally ignorant of the nature of class-meetings, and not one left the house. He stepped to the door and shut it, and drew a bench against it; and the people were seated all round the house, and the bench against the door was filled up, so there was no getting out of the cabin. He commenced his examination around the house, not missing an individual. A worse scared set of men perhaps you never saw. He went on until he came to a Dutchman, by the name of Catron—I believe he was an uncle of Judge Catron, of Nashville; he was grossly ignorant on the subject of religion. Brother Tucker addressed him in this language: "Well, brother, do you think the Lord for Christ's sake has ever pardoned your sins?" The answer was, "Sometimes I toes, and sometimes I toesn't." He then asked him a second question: "Do you ever pray?" The answer was, "Sometimes I toes, and den I shovels him off again." There was a man by the name of Thomas Hamilton, as brave a man as ever took a gun or sword in hand; had fought through the Revolutionary war, and would turn his back upon no man at a pull of fisticuffs; he sat near the fireplace; and when the preacher got near him he became very restless. He would look towards the door—he could

not get out there; he would look up the cabin chimney, then he would look towards the back of the house, where his hat lay. When the preacher was examining one or two next to him, he sprang to his feet, took up the chimney, mounted his horse, bareheaded, and rode five miles home to the Ridge Station, where he lived, the worst scared man perhaps you ever saw. Both these men afterwards embraced religion, and Catron became the greatest light of his day, and died in the triumphs of the living faith.

I name these things to show you the gross ignorance of the people in that day; and if you think them worth noticing you may dispose of them as you please. From 1790 up the immigration was pretty considerable, and we were regularly supplied with first-rate preachers. I could mention a number of their names, whose memory is dear to me. There was Henry Burchet, one of the most holy, devoted men that I ever knew. I believe that he died in the neighborhood of Nashville. There was James O'Cull, a perfect son of thunder. He was preaching one day, and bearing hard upon the drunkard and whiskey-makers. He said he would to God all the stills in the world were in one, and that was in the belly of hell. I told him that he had affronted

a heap of people by that expression. He said if he had wished the drunkards all in it and the cap on, it would have been much worse. He had been raised a Roman Catholic. He was a man of great faith and perseverance. I believe I will relate another incident of Brother O'Cull. The year before he came here he had travelled in Kentucky. I mention these things to show how uncompromising the preachers were in that day, with every thing that was not for the glory of God. The first time that he went round his circuit he preached at a house; after preaching, he heard the people say that they expected there would be more people at a frolic that night than there was at preaching. He inquired if there was a frolic in the neighborhood; he was told there was, about three miles off, in the evening. He mounted his horse, inquired the way, and went to it. He was a perfect stranger. When he arrived the people were collecting for the dance; his solemn looks soon proved to the merry company that he was not a welcome guest. The company appeared very uneasy to know who the stranger was. Before dark he took out the landlord, and made his business known, and asked leave to preach, which was utterly refused. O'Cull urged the matter closely, and the man at

length told him he might do as he pleased; they both returned to the house, and he drew out his Bible and Hymn-book, and told them by their leave he would open the ball.

He commenced singing; not an individual in the house assisted him. While he prayed they all kept their seats. He had not preached long before Divine power came down, and they were heard sobbing and crying all through the house. It was not long before there was a general inquiry what they must do to be saved; he then had his hands full from that hour till a little before day. At the close of the meeting, he said that if any one in the neighborhood would open their doors, he would preach to them that night four weeks. The man of the house, who had got his heart touched, arose and said, that he was welcome to preach there. He directed the mourners what to do; and, by the time he got round again, some fifteen or twenty had professed religion. There was a large society raised in that place, and a great revival broke out, all from the circumstance of Brother O'Cull's going to the dance.

This narrative was related to me either by Brother McHenry or Brother Wilkerson, I think nearly in the language that I have related it.

I might mention other things that occurred at that early time, but it is hardly worth while. As before observed, we were well supplied with preachers after 1790. There was Barnabas McHenry, a man of the first order of talents; Jacob Larton, John Ball, William Burke, and a good many who might be mentioned, all labored with great success. I have not one word to say against the preachers of this our day; I love them and believe they are men of God; but I can assure you, sir, there is a great difference between the preachers of the present and former day, and also among the members. At an early time the very looks of a Methodist preacher would strike terror to a sinner's heart. They visited from house to house. I never knew them to leave a house without prayer, and then examining the whole family. There was no jesting or joking with them, but they were cheerful without levity, and generally left a solemn impression among the people. They were men that lived by rule, and dressed generally in one style. I don't think that I ever saw a Methodist preacher until after 1800 wear what is called a fashionable or dandy coat; previous to this, I believe their coats were all cut in the same fashion. Let them appear in what company they would, they were pointed out as

Methodist preachers, and a great many of them grossly persecuted; but God was with them and blessed their labors. There was a great deal more love and good feeling among the members then than I fear there is now. The rules of the Church were very strictly attended to; no person was admitted into love-feasts that wore ruffles or jewelry of any description—let their blood or birth be what it may; class-meetings were strictly attended to. When a preacher came on the circuit, he could easily tell the situation of the society by looking at the class-book.

Now, sir, I have given you a sketch of the rise and progress of Methodism in this country at an early time. Never expecting to be called upon, and never keeping any record, having to copy it all from memory, and being now near seventy-four years old, you may calculate that my memory has very much failed me. If it will be of any service to you or Brother McFerrin, in your history, you can make use of it; if not, you can lay it aside as useless trash.

I remain your brother and friend,

JOHN CARR.

Sumner county, Tenn., 1848.

CAPT. CARR'S NARRATIVE.

[THE following interesting "Narrative" is copied, by permission, from a work entitled, "Indian Battles, etc., in the South-west," published by Wales & Roberts, Nashville.]

CHAPTER I.

ON the right-hand side of the road which leads from Gallatin to the old station of Bledsoe's Lick, in Sumner county, Tennessee, and about midway between the two places, there is now residing, in good health too, another of those veteran pioneers who in early times made battle with the denizens of the forest for the region, then a wilderness, now one of the most beautiful sections upon this continent. The name of the venerable gentleman referred to is John Carr; and cheerful in spirit, and devout in his walk and conversation, the

evening of his days is coming gently upon him, whilst surrounded by a pleasant family circle, and cheered by occasional intercourse with the friends who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in those troublous times which dawned upon his early youth. Tall of stature, and of almost iron frame, no one can look upon him without being impressed with his capacity for the trials he has passed through; and a benevolent face, strongly marked with plain good sense, wins upon the observer, and enhances the interest with which one listens to his narrative of times gone by. May many years elapse before he is gathered to those who were his compeers in the perils of the past, and who have gone before him to the land of quietness and peace. We now give from his own lips the narrative of his early adventures with the Indians.

THE NARRATIVE.

I was born in South Carolina, near Ramshouses Mill, on the 5th of September, 1773. My father left there before my recollection, to go to Kentucky, having heard of Boone's having been there. The first thing I remember was being in Houston's fort, about twenty miles below Abingdon, Virginia, on a creek called Big Moc-

casin. It was at the time of an attack upon it by the Indians. They killed a man of the name of Cowan at the time. He lived about ten miles north of Clinch river, and came over express to give us word of a projected attack on the fort by the Northern Indians. The next morning, at a little after sunrise, Capt. Smith (afterwards Gen. Smith, who died in this county) came in with a party of men, and told us the Cherokees were all around the fort; and a terrible screaming ensued amongst the women, who at the time were out milking. This Mr. Cowan mounted his horse in the fort, but the men begged him to stay till they could eat a few mouthfuls, when they would guard him home; but he declared he "would go if there was an Indian behind every tree." He started, and had scarcely left, when we heard the report of guns, and he was brought in mortally wounded, and died that night. The Indians kept firing all day, and finally left, after stealing several horses.

My father placed me upon a bastion of the fort, that I might see the Indians as they fired upon them from the place. After this he settled near the head of that creek, on a farm; but having, in 1782, heard the British and tories were distressing his father in South Carolina, he went

back to protect him; but having taken the small-pox, introduced into the country by the forces of Cornwallis, he died. My mother was left with eight children—six sons and two daughters. My eldest brother, at the period of my father's death, was married. The Indians, after the death of my father, came and killed several of a family two miles above us, on the creek. One of the daughters was to have been married on the next day, but the Indians took her and her mother and a little boy prisoners, killing her father, a sister, and a little boy, and wounding another brother. The name of the family was McClure. The daughter escaped from the Indians that night, and the pursuing party, amongst whom was her intended husband, met her coming in. They overtook the Indians, killing one of them and rescuing the mother and the little child. The circumstances were these: the little boy cried and complained that the ropes hurt him, he being tied upon a pack-saddle; and an old Indian took him off and sat him on the ground, and was himself seated tying his moccasin, when Capt. Dalton came in sight, and said to the boys of the party, he "believed he could kill him from the long distance at which he saw him." He fired accordingly, shooting him dead; and the little boy cried

out, "More Indians, mother!" and ran. The party came up and rescued the two, and all the plunder taken, the Indians fleeing without attempting to fight at all. The old lady told us all the circumstances that night, as she stayed at our house.

CHAPTER II.

THE Indians, about that time, and indeed all through the Revolutionary war, were very troublesome, and committed many depredations and murders around on the waters of Clinch, Moccason, and on the Holston, down to the close of the war. Several families having gone from our neighborhood to what was then called "Cumberland," now Middle Tennessee, my mother and elder brothers concluded to emigrate, my two elder brothers being married men. We accordingly started from Washington county in the fall of 1784, coming the great route of that period, by way of Cumberland Gap, through Kentucky. On this trip nothing of interest occurred until we came on to Laurel river. People generally came through in those times in large companies,

for fear of the Indians. We had crossed Cumberland Gap with four or five hundred persons; but our own party, consisting of eight or ten guns, had fallen behind, preferring to go in a smaller troop. At Laurel river, as we stayed there that night, the Indians made no attack on us, but stole ten head of horses. My mother and brothers lost five of the number taken, and all of them were valuable horses.

The next night, we came to the Hazlepatch, and the night after to Rockcastle. We left the Hazlepatch in the morning, and got to the Rockcastle at night. A company which stayed that night at the Hazlepatch was attacked, and fourteen of the number were killed—we thus escaping by one day, fortunately.

Major Bradford, then a young man, who died near Hendersonville a few years ago, was of the party attacked at the Hazlepatch, and the next morning came in to our camp. Governor Carrol afterwards married his daughter. At the time of the attack, he was sitting in a small tent, and the Indians, bursting into it, seized him behind by a short coat he wore; but throwing out his arms behind, he let it go and fled. He made an effort to catch one of two fine mares he had along, satis-

fied if he could get one that the other would follow; but could only get hold of an old horse. Twisting a grape-vine for a bridle, he struck the trail again, and had gone but a little distance when he saw a wounded man sitting by the roadside moaning and in great pain. He stopped, took him up before him, and carried him all that night, arriving at our camp the next morning, where his clothes were changed, they being all bloody from contact with the wounded man. He waited all that day for the wounded who escaped to come up. A runner was at once started for Whiteley's Station, not far off, to apprise Colonel Whiteley of the attack and of the murders committed. He immediately raised a party of men, and knowing the assailants were Northern Indians, he immediately struck up the Kentucky river, coming on their trail, and following them, soon overtook them. The whites killed several Indians, retook all the scalps, as well as the plunder they had taken. There was a good deal of it, the marauders having their horses heavily packed.

My mother and the children came on and stopped near Whiteley's Station, remaining a year in Kentucky. My two eldest brothers and

their families came on to Mansker's Station, in Sumner county. The next fall they came up and moved us thither also.

CHAPTER III.

In the fall of 1786, some ten or fifteen families, including our own, moved from Mansker's Station on to Drake's Creek, and settled just above Shackle Island, a distance of some six or seven miles from the former place. The Indians were comparatively quiet at this time, which encouraged us to move out. In the spring of 1788, the Indians came to Mr. Montgomery's, about three miles below us, and killed his three sons—John, Robert, and Thomas. The three little boys were cutting cane a little distance from the house, the men being at work some distance off. One of the boys had his thigh broken, and had been scalped the year before, and he had limped out to where his brothers were, and the Indians coming upon them, killed and scalped them all, leaving them in a heap there in the cane-brake.

We did not go back to Mansker's Station,

although much alarmed; but we built a new fort at the head of Drake's Creek, and called it the Ridge, or Hamilton's Station. There were some fifteen or twenty families of us, to whom it afforded protection. From that time onward till the close of the war in 1795, the Indians were very troublesome.

They had killed a family named Price, at Station Camp creek, near where Gallatin now is situated, and a very fine young man, named John Beard, near the head of Station Camp creek. They also killed Robert Brigham, near White's Station, on the waters of Desha's creek, a fork of Bledsoe's creek. Also, two sons of Robert Desha's, on the creek of the same name. Benjamin Kirkendall was killed on the same creek. Also, a man named Joseph Dickson, also a Mr. Bratton, near White's Station. He was killed within sight of the fort.

In 1788, the Indians killed Col. Anthony Bledsoe, at the fort of Bledsoe's Lick. They also killed, at the same place, Col. Isaac Bledsoe, and also Thomas, a son of Col. Anthony Bledsoe. Two cousins, both named Anthony, sons respectively of the Colonels Bledsoe named, were killed on their way to school whilst boarding at Capt. Alexander Neely's, and two of his sons were

killed near Bledsoe's Lick about the same time. Also, old Mr. Peyton, grandfather of Hon. Bailie Peyton, at the same place. Mr. Charles Morgan, a brother-in-law of General Hall's, was killed near the same place, Bledsoe's Lick being the principal seat of war. Many more persons were killed there at about the same time: amongst others, two brothers, and the father of General Hall, to whom I would refer for dates. About the year 1790, Henry Howdyshall and Samuel Farr were killed near Cumberland river, below Cairo.

In June, 1792, the Indians killed Michael Shaffer, near Sigler's Station, whilst he was working in the field. The locality is within sight of my present residence, on Sigler's branch, a tributary of Bledsoe's creek. He was killed in the first part of the day, and the neighbors having collected together to bring the body from the field into the fort, the Indians lying in ambush made an attack upon the party, and wounded Gabriel Black, a brother-in-law of General Winchester, and Joel Eccles; both, however, afterwards recovering from their wounds. The Indians chased the men into the fort, and fired upon it afterwards for some time. Thinking, towards night, that they had left, the men in the fort

went out and brought in the body. The fort was poorly manned, and about bed-time the Indians came and made another attack, set fire to it, and succeeded in taking it. They killed Mr. Sigler, the owner of it, and also Archie Wilson, a fine young man, who had volunteered his services to help protect the people that night. He had fought bravely, but wounded and finally retreating from the fort, he was brought to bay at about one hundred yards distant. I was there the next day, and the ground was beaten all around, showing the desperate defence he had made. They had broken the breech of a gun over his head in the fight, and had he not been badly wounded, there is little doubt but that he would have gotten off. It was an awful sight. They wounded Joseph Wilson the same night. Himself and son, twelve years old, were all that escaped of his family. The others, his wife and six children, were taken prisoners, and led by the Indians into captivity, to the Cherokee and Creek nations. One of the girls only went to the Creek nation. Mrs. Sigler made her escape with one child, thrusting her handkerchief into its mouth to prevent its crying whilst she fled. Two of Sigler's children were taken.

A party gathered under General Winchester

and Colonel Douglass a day or two afterwards, to follow the Indians. I was one of the spies of the party, three being attached to the expedition. The other two were John Hartpool and Peter Loony. It was our business to go in front of the party. We took the trail of the Indians, and followed them on up Barton's creek; and about two and a half or three miles below where Lebanon now stands, Loony, Hartpool, and myself came upon the plunder, which the Indians had nicely packed and hung up in the branches of trees, in twenty-one packs. They had but few horses, it seemed, and had thus disposed of it until a party could go back and steal horses enough to carry it on, the main body meanwhile pushing forward with the prisoners. The packs were carefully protected from the effects of the weather with peeled bark, which they had placed over each bundle. We here sent back a party with the plunder, as well as to caution the settlers to look out for their horses, the rest of us pushing on after the Indians, right over the ground where Lebanon now is, stopping a few moments at the big spring there, where I cut my name upon a cedar.

The Indians were very scarce of horses, we having noticed, at each muddy spot they passed

the tracks of the bare feet of the eight children they had captured. Above Lebanon, or at least in its locality, (for there were no settlers within thirty miles, on that side of the river,) they stopped and made a little fire to light their pipes; and here we discovered, by the scraps of dressed skins, that they had made the children moccasins, their feet having doubtless become sore by the hard travelling; and at the next muddy spot, we saw the little foot-prints of moccasins. There was that much of kindness in them.

We encamped that night at Martin's spring, high up on Spring creek, in the neighborhood of where Esquire Doak now lives. The next day we took an early start, and about twelve o'clock my two brother spies and myself, being afoot and about three hundred yards in front of the horse, discovered a large encampment. We returned to the company, and reported that there was a large encampment just down the valley. I described the ground, which was an open forest, the green cane extending to within a couple of hundred yards of the encampment. We were ordered, when we got clear of the cane, to charge upon it. We did so, but to our surprise found it vacant. It had been long occupied, but the fear of consequences following the attack on Sigler's fort,

had induced them to send their women and children away; but we found it was the first place they had encamped at after they took the fort.

They were then a day and a half ahead of us. General Winchester gave us here a very sensible speech, and told us that if they were relatives of his who were thus taken, he should prefer to have them taken to the "Nation," to having their lives risked by the attempt to take them in action.

We therefore returned to the encampment at Martin's spring that night; and here we found that the party which had been left to steal horses, had discovered the loss of the plunder, and had therefore taken our trail, stopping at our old encampment. Here they had cut upon the trees all sorts of signs, to mimic ours, where we had cut our names, and had picked up the corn where our party had fed their horses, and had parched it to eat.

Mrs. Wilson and her children were taken to the Cherokee Nation, with the exception of the one mentioned as taken by the Creeks, and being a sister of General White's, of East Tennessee, he sent on a runner and had them all purchased, except the one mentioned. She remained so long with the Indians, that when she was brought

back, it was many years before she lost her Indian habits. Mrs. Wilson stated that when the party which had captured her got to Duck river, they waited for the missing ones, whom they had relied upon to bring up the plunder; and when they made their appearance without any, they had a regular battle, drawing knives on each other in the melee. She was much alarmed, lest in their rage they might kill herself and family.

CHAPTER IV.

In 1792, Lieutenant Snoddy was out on a scouting party on Caney Fork, and at Rock Island, late in the evening, he came on a large encampment of the Indians. He immediately plundered it, the Indians being absent hunting. Whilst doing so, they observed an Indian sauntering slowly down the hill, with a gun on his shoulder, who, on discovering them, immediately took into the cane-brake. Snoddy knew well enough that he would have to fight before he left the neighborhood, so he went across the river and selected an eligible place for defence. There

was a high eminence, upon which he posted his party, about which spot he formed a hollow square, placing his horses in the centre. Throughout the night he heard the Indians making all sorts of horrible imitations around, hooting like owls, barking like dogs and foxes, or screaming like catamounts. Unfortunately, a restless horse belonging to one of the party, frequently neighed, betraying their station to the Indians; and about the break of day the latter made an attack upon the whites. The battle lasted until about sunrise; but Snoddy had a Spartan band with him, and although the Indians were double in numbers, they were handsomely whipped: he lost, however, two fine fellows, Scoby and Latimer, whilst several were wounded. Amongst the latter were Captain William Reid, at present living in this county, and Andrew Steel, since dead. Two or three cowardly rascals ran away and came to the settlement, instead of staying to fight. The rest of the party came safely in, having gained great applause by their noble conduct in the battle. There were some thirty engaged in the fight. A large number of the Indians were killed. My brother went to the spot afterwards, in company with some others, and found several Indians whom their own party had hidden away

and scalped, for fear the whites should do it; whilst they had dug up the bodies of the whites, scalping them also.

About the year 1793, Major George Winchester was killed near the ground occupied by Gallatin. He was an excellent man, a brother of General Winchester, and his death was a public loss.

Perhaps the origin of the name of Defeated Creek, given to the stream of that name in Smith county, may be of interest. A party, consisting of five men, were out during February, in the winter of 1786, hunting and surveying. Their names were John Peyton, (father of Hon. Bailie Peyton,) Ephraim Peyton, his twin brother, Thomas Peyton, another brother, Esquire Grant, and John Frazer. I was intimately acquainted with the whole party. They had encamped upon an island in the creek before mentioned. The weather was cold, a heavy fall of snow being on the ground. They had been sitting up to a late hour on Sunday night playing cards, (they had an old greasy pack with them,) when the dogs making a good deal of fuss, they concluded that some wild animals were about, attracted by the meat, they having a large quantity they had killed. John Peyton was a very cautious man,

although a good soldier, as indeed were the whole party—as true as could be; and as he leaned on his elbow by the fire, and was in the act of hissing on the dogs, the Indians fired a heavy volley in upon the party lying stretched around the camp-fire. He sprang to his feet, and in the act of doing so, took the precaution to throw the quilt which was around him upon the fire. Four out of the five were wounded, John Peyton's arm having been broken in two places. Esquire Grant was shot through the thigh, John Frazer through the calf of the leg, Tom Peyton in the shoulder, whilst Ephraim Peyton, the only one who escaped a shot, put his ankle out of place jumping down a bluff. The whole party separated and fled, leaving their surveying instruments, horses, and every thing, to the Indians. The first one that got in reported the rest killed; and as they came in, in succession, each concluded the remainder lost. Ephraim Peyton, after hobbling along for twenty miles by aid of a crooked stick, slipped down fortunately, near where Hartsville now stands, and knocked his ankle into place again. The Indian party was commanded by Hanging Maw, a Cherokee; and John Peyton sent him word the next year to send him back the horses he had stolen from him. The chief sent

him word in return that they were his, (the chief's;) "that he, John Peyton, had run away like a coward and left them; and as for his *land strader*, [his compass,] he had broken that against a tree!"

At the attack on Buchanan's Station, in 1792, I was one of the men called out. The circumstances were these: Watts, a Cherokee chief, living near Nickojack, had been on a visit to Nashville during a temporary cessation of hostilities, and had been treated with much attention and civility by the principal men there. Some time after this, Findleston, a half-breed, came in, and told the people that Watts was raising a large force to attack Nashville, and that if his words did not prove true, they might put him in jail and hang him. Consequently, all the men that could be raised in the country were called out to defend Nashville, some three hundred in number being mustered. We were stationed about one and a half or two miles from Nashville, at Rain's Spring, where we lay a week or more. We kept spies out constantly, to look out for the arrival of the Cherokee forces. The Castlemans were reputed excellent woodsmen, and having been as far as where Murfreesboro' now stands, they came back with the report that there was not an Indian

on the course. We were therefore marched into Nashville on Tuesday, as well as I remember, and dismissed; and on the Thursday morning following, as nearly as I can recollect, two spies were sent out from Nashville—Gee and Latham, I believe. About eight or ten miles out, they fell in with Watts's force, were slain, and their hearts cut out, as it was said.

In relation to this affair, it was afterwards reported that Watts kept Indians ahead of his force, dressed as white men; and that by these means he decoyed the unfortunate men within reach, and surrounded and killed them. In 1813, on my way to take part in the battle of Talladega, I fell in with George Fields, a half-breed Cherokee, who had enlisted on our side to fight the Creeks. Going along, he being somewhat intoxicated, (a good opportunity to make an Indian talk freely,) I told him this report, and asked him whether he was not one of the decoys mentioned? He denied the charge, but acknowledged that he was along when the two men were killed in a small glade.

The Indians kept on down, and coming near Buchanan's Station a little after dark, George said that they could hear the cows lowing; and here an altercation sprang up between Watts, the

Cherokee, and the chief in command of the Creeks, in which the latter insisted on at once attacking Buchanan's Station, the former as earnestly desiring first to attack Nashville, saying "they could attack and take Buchanan's Station afterwards." Watts added, that if Buchanan's was attacked first, they would be put on their guard at Nashville: their great object in starting was to take Nashville, and that they could take that *little* fort as they came back! Watts ended the controversy by telling the Creek chief to take the fort, then, himself; and said he would stand by and look at him! The result is well known. Watts got desperately wounded, and the Indians were badly whipped. Watts was carried home on a horse-litter, and the Creek chief was killed. He was the same Indian mentioned in Colonel Brown's narrative as Chiachattalley, or Tom Tunbridge, and was said to be the same one who set fire to and burnt Sigler's fort. Fields, my narrator in this instance, was afterwards desperately wounded at Talladega. He was carried from our encampment by our men, on a litter, and was left in the fort. The Indians, however, cured him.

I was at the battle of Talladega, having a lieutenant's command. My captain was Brice Martin, who, I believe, is yet living. I had some

narrow escapes. Both my right and left hand men were shot down and badly wounded; and one of my whiskers was shot off by a bullet. The result of that battle all know.

From 1792 to 1795, a great many persons were killed, of whom I now have no recollection; but I have given the history of what transpired as fully and as much to the purpose as I can remember it.

CHAPTER V.

I WILL now endeavor to give you the outlines of the "Cold Water Expedition," as well as my memory serves me. I have conversed with General Hall on the subject, and was acquainted with several men who were out on that occasion, particularly with one of them named Edmund Jennings. He has told me all about it. Jennings's name is well known to the greater part of the first settlers of this country. At some period previous to 1786, a part of the Cherokees moved down the Tennessee. They were found, I believe, by some of the Creek Indians, and formed a vil-

lage at a place called Cold Water. I am told it is the same place where Tuscumbia now stands, a few miles south of the Tennessee river from Florence. They were also joined by seven Frenchmen from Kaskaskia. The French brought on a considerable quantity of goods, with the view, I suppose, of trading with the Indians. The people of this country knew nothing of the settlement.

Frequent depredations were committed about Nashville and its vicinity, such as stealing horses, and sometimes murder was committed. We always discovered, in following them, that they went too far to the west for the Cherokee Nation, which caused the people of this country to suspect the fidelity of the Chickasaws, who were then at peace with us. At length two of the "Mountain Leader's" warriors (young men) were out hunting, and came upon this village. They stayed all night with them, and were treated in a manner quite friendly. They told the young men that their design in settling there was to steal horses and murder the whites every opportunity they had. These young men returned to the Chickasaw Nation, and informed the "Mountain Leader" (their chief) what they had discovered. He immediately sent them into Nashville

to inform General Robertson that he must immediately break them up. The "Mountain Leader" was a true and a good man; and he was among the smartest men by nature I ever saw. I have no doubt but that if he had had an education, he would have made a great statesman.

General Robertson immediately raised a party of men to go and break them up; and for fear these Frenchmen should get knowledge of their coming, he sent a part of his detachment by water, with orders to intercept them on the Tennessee river, and prevent them from making their escape. The water detachment was commanded by Captain Moses Shelby, a brother of the former Governor of Kentucky.

Captain Shelby went on with his detachment, and on ascending the Tennessee river, whilst at the mouth of Duck river, he was attacked by the Indians. They killed Josiah Renfro, a fine young man that I knew, and wounded Hugh Rogan, the father of the Mr. Rogan now living in Sumner county. Captain Shelby abandoned his water-craft, and marched his men through by land to Nashville. Mr. Rogan, though severely wounded, underwent the privations like a brave Irishman, as he was, and got well. He was the same Rogan that so manfully defended Colonel

Bledsoe's fort, when attacked by the Indians. He was also along with General Smith about the year 1782 or 1783, before Bledsoe's Lick was settled. Near where Mrs. Winchester now lives, while trailing the buffalo path from Bledsoe's Lick to Mansker's Lick, the Indians fired upon them, and killed a man by the name of Memury, besides wounding General Smith.

General Robertson went on with his land force, and was piloted by these two young Chickasaws. He got there entirely undiscovered, and at a very favorable time. It was said that the people of the whole village were collected together, comprising in all some sixty or eighty warriors. They were holding a war-dance, or some kind of a festival. He fired upon them, and, they said, killed nearly the whole of them. Four of the Frenchmen were also killed in the action. The other three held up their hands, and implored for mercy, and it was granted. I do not believe the General lost a man in the action. He collected up their horses. They had a good many of them: some they had stolen from this country, and some of them were their own. He gave each of these young Chickasaws a horse, for the material services they had rendered him, and told them to pack as many goods upon them as they could

carry. They returned home with their booty, and with great applause from our people. General Robertson packed up all the goods and plunder they had there, which consisted of a great deal, and sent it round by water to Nashville. He sent these three Frenchmen on to the mouth of the Tennessee, had them put into a canoe or a skiff, and directed them to "clear out." I suppose they returned to Kaskaskia. They burnt up their village, and returned home. The goods arrived safely at Nashville. The General had them auctioned off, together with the horses he brought in, and the proceeds were divided among the men who went with him. There is no doubt but he broke up and killed the greatest set of rascals that ever settled on the Tennessee.

I have thus given you the outlines of the "Cold Water Expedition," and my reason for doing it is, that there are but few people of the present day that know any thing about such an expedition. If there is any man living who can give it more correctly than I have done, I am very willing he should do it; and if I have committed any error, I stand ready to be corrected, and should take it kindly from any of my old brother pioneers. I have ever viewed that expedition as one of great importance to the first settlers of

this country. We ever felt ourselves under the strongest obligations to the "Mountain Leader" and his brave young men.

After having given you an account of the "Cold Water Expedition," I shall endeavor to give you an account of some little fighting, besides murders committed by the Indians.

CHAPTER VI.

In 1789, General Winchester was out with a scouting party, and upon Smith's Fork, a large tributary of the Caney Fork, (I believe now De Kalb county.) he came upon a fresh trail of Indians. He pursued them down the creek, on the buffalo-path; and no doubt the Indians were apprised that they were after them, and accordingly selected their ground for battle. The path led through an open forest to the crossing of the creek, and immediately a heavy cane-brake set in. The General's spies were a little in front. They were Major Joseph Muckelrath and Captain John Hickerson, a couple of brave men. Just after they entered the green cane a short dis-

tance, the Indians, lying in ambush, fired upon them. They killed Hickerson at once, but missed Muckelrath. Winchester was close behind, rushing up. The action commenced, and lasted some time. Frank Heany was wounded; and the Indians having greatly the advantage, General Winchester thought proper to retreat, thinking to draw them out of the green cane. In this attempt he did not succeed. There is no doubt but Captain James McCann, now eighty-five or eighty-six years old, killed a celebrated warrior, and, I believe, a chief, called the "Moon." He was a hare-lipped man, and it was said there was but one hare-lipped Indian in the nation. No doubt the same Indian shot down and scalped Captain Charles Morgan, a year or two before. Morgan lived several days, and stated that the man that scalped him had a hare-lip. One of my brothers was in this expedition with Winchester. The Indians gave an account of the battle afterwards, and said it was a drawn fight; that they had a man killed, and they killed one of our men. The Indians reproached us with having a *fool* warrior along. There were two Dutchmen with us by the name of Harpool. John Harpool was a very smart man, but Martin, his brother, was a foolhardy fellow. The Indians were under a se-

cond bank of the creek in the cane, and were firing on them very severely, and they could not get to see them. John told Martin to "run down and drive them up, while he killed one!" He raised a great whoop at the top of his voice, and made the cane crack, while the Indians broke and run. Martin Harpool ever afterwards went by the name of the "fool warrior." I knew them both well. They were a couple of fine soldiers.

About the year 1790, Benjamin Williams settled about two and a half miles from where Gallatin now stands, near the spot where James House resides. The Indians came in the night, and killed him and his wife and children, and, I believe, a negro or two. One boy ran up the chimney, and kept concealed until they left. Philip, the negro, is still living, and the only one of that family who escaped.

Mr. Samuel Wilson had settled about one mile north-east from where Gallatin now stands, and was out the morning after the Indians had killed the Williams family. He had not heard of the murder, although it was not more than three miles off. He was looking for his stock in the cane, in the direction of where Williams had been killed. He heard some one riding towards him

in the cane. He took to a tree, and immediately an Indian came in view, on horseback. Being a fine marksman, and having a good rifle, he fired and killed the Indian. He then hallooed at the top of his voice to "surround them, boys, surround them," and ran for home. The Indians broke and ran.

I believe it was in the year 1790 the Indians killed Mr. John Edwards, where Salem Meeting-house now stands, four miles north-west of Gallatin. These are all the murders I recollect, that you have no account of.

There appears to be an issue between my good old friend, Dr. Shelby, and myself, as to who cured George Fields. He states that he is the "Indian" that cured him. There is no circumstance that has transpired thirty-nine years ago that is more fresh to my mind than that of George Fields having been wounded. He was wounded in the morning, but a short distance from where I was. I saw him a few minutes afterwards, and I believe he was the last man wounded at the battle of Talladega: he was carried in by young John Brown, a half-breed Cherokee. The Doctor and myself differ about where he was shot: I thought he was shot just below the right nipple, the ball coming out near the back-bone, as the

Doctor stated; but in this I may be mistaken. The Doctor certainly has a better right to know than myself. I visited George the evening after he was wounded. I found him among the Cherokees, sitting against a tree. He told me he could not lie down, and stated he thought he would die. The next morning, when we went to start back with the wounded, General Jackson called up Captain Abraham Bledsoe and myself, and gave us charge of the whole train of litters. We had eighty or ninety wounded, and the greater part of them carried on litters. Field's wound was of such a nature that he could not lie down; and there was a litter constructed to carry him sitting, made of cowhide. He was put on the litter, and by the time he got up to the fort, he fainted. He was taken off by the Cherokees, and carried into the fort, and I believe a young man by the name of Loving was left with him—a half-breed Cherokee. Several of our boys went in to see what they would do with Fields—the two young Messrs. Brevard, I believe, and perhaps Thomas McFerrin. They came back and told us that the Indian doctor came to him immediately, undid his wound, put his mouth to the bullet-hole, and sucked out, they stated, all the contents of the wound, both where the ball went in and came

out. He then chewed roots, and spirted the juice into the wound, and then had roots boiled, and bound them up. It was always my impression that he stayed there until he was cured by the Indians. I know that he was left there, and was not brought in with the train of wounded to Camp Strother. I was on horseback, and Captain Bledsoe on foot. General Jackson directed me to ride along the line of litters constantly, and see that the attendants did their duty in waiting on the wounded men. The second day, in the evening, we arrived at Camp Strother. We stayed there but one day, and our regiment marched back to Fort Deposit, in the Cherokee Nation. I never returned to Fort Strother any more: when our regiment was ordered back to Fort Strother, at the Ten Islands of Coosa, Captain Jack Moore and myself were left at Fort Deposit with the sick and wounded. General Hall remained at Fort Strother, and never came on to Fort Deposit. He informs me that, about ten days or two weeks after the battle of Talladega, (but as to the exact length of time he is not certain,) the Indians from the fort at Talladega brought George Fields up in their arms. There were some fifteen or twenty in the company, and four would carry him at a time: the

distance was about thirty miles. No doubt Dr. Shelby did his duty in attending on George Fields after he arrived at Camp Strother: he was not only a good physician, but a good surgeon. I do think, however, that my good old friend Dr. Shelby ought to give the Indian doctor at Talladega some credit for the service he rendered Fields while he was under his charge.

If I have erred in any of the statements I have made, I stand ready to be corrected. It is very probable it is the last time you will hear from me in your publication, being very conscious that I shall soon pass away; and my greatest earthly concern is, that I may be ready to die. I trust that I have a hope that reaches beyond this vale of tears. I have been endeavoring for the last sixty years to live with a conscience void of offence towards God and man. When I look back, and see how miraculously I have been preserved, while all my old associates, except a few, have passed away, and I am still alive, I see cause to be thankful. I believe there are but six men in this county, living, that came here from 1780 to 1785. These are, James McCann and James Cartwright, whose fathers came here in 1780; Joseph and John Burns, who came here in 1784; and General Hall and myself, who came

here in 1782. The balance have all passed away: a great many of them were killed by the Indians, whilst the remainder have died.

CHAPTER VII.

The Cherokee forces that attacked Houston's Fort, at the time Mr. Cowan was killed, on their return back, in going down the North Fork of Holston, fell in with a company which had been sent out on a scouting expedition from Abingdon. They were some forty or fifty in number, commanded by Captain Mullin, who had gone down the Middle Fork of Holston. While coming up the North Fork, at a place called Poor Valley, he met the Cherokee forces, and not knowing their number, (some two hundred and fifty,) attacked them. A desperate encounter ensued, in which himself and fifteen or twenty of his brave followers were killed: the remainder made good their escape, arriving safely at Abingdon. It was said they killed a great many of the Cherokees.

Some time after this, my eldest brother was

called out to Kentucky, to the defence of Boonsboro'. The circumstances were these: Daniel Boon was taken prisoner the second time by the Indians: he was carried to the Indian Territory, (now the State of Ohio,) to a town called, if I mistake not, Chilicothe, where a council was held by the Indians to know what to do with him, as he had been a prisoner once before. Some were for having him executed, and others were for his running the gauntlet. Perhaps it would be as well to explain what the gauntlet means, in Indian style. There is a straight line of some fifty or one hundred yards in length, on each side of which are placed Indians, armed with cudgels, just within striking distance of the victim, who is made to run the whole distance, armed with a cudgel of the same size. If he runs through unhurt by the blows of those stationed on the sides, he is called a great brave; or if he kills a man on his route, he is not injured for it. An old man, who had lost a son by the whites, interfered in the council, and earnestly requested that Boon should be given to him to fill the place of his son who had been killed. His request was complied with. He took Boon, and adopted him into his family, and, after a little time, he sent him out hunting, with only one charge for his gun, for

fear he would run away. Boon being a great hunter, (equal to Nimrod of old, I believe,) was successful with his charge, and returned loaded with game, much to the satisfaction of his adopted father. Next time he sent him out with two charges for his gun, and he again returned as before, loaded with game. After this, he so gained the confidence of his father, that he gave him entire possession of his gun and ammunition. He was frequently gone two or three days at a time, and always returned loaded with game. Little did the Indians know what Boon was about. He was viewing the country for some thirty or forty miles around, seeing what a beautiful country it was, to be settled, at some future day, by the whites. After being there some three or four months, he discovered a large gathering together of the Indians of the North, at Chilicothe, where he resided, and found out by some means that they were meditating an attack upon Boonsboro'. He then determined to make his escape, never again to be taken prisoner by the Indians, if he could prevent it; for he knew that certain death would be the consequence. He therefore made his arrangements to go home; and, upon a certain night, after they were all asleep, he started. He travelled at the top of his speed, day and

night almost, until he arrived at home. Upon reaching there, he immediately sent a runner to Holston for aid, hoping that it would arrive before the attack was made. In this he was mistaken, though the runner was assured that as soon as the company could be raised, it would come to his relief. In the meantime, he commenced repairing his fort, strengthening every weak part by an additional row of stockading. He was careful, as cattle came up, to turn them into the fort. About the time he had completed his garrison, which was some twelve or fifteen days after his arrival at home, the celebrated Blackfish, the chief of the Northern forces, and an acquaintance of Boon's, with a strong force under him, came marching up, and pitched his camp within three hundred yards of the fort, without any appearance of hostility. The chief immediately came walking up to the fort, unarmed, and called for Daniel Boon. Boon understood their language, so he went out, and he and the chief sat down upon a log, and had a long talk. The chief returned to his camp, yet there was no appearance of hostility. On the next day, the chief came back. Boon went out, and they had another long talk, the purport of which no human being knows to this day. By this time, the peo-

ple of the fort thought very strange of Boon's conduct and the chief's. An impression got out that he intended to surrender the fort on the arrival of the chief; but if that was the case, no one ever knew it but Boon and the chief. Still no appearance of hostility. A number of the Indians came up unarmed to the fort, but Boon gave strict orders forbidding them any entrance within. On the third day, the chief came again. Boon went out as usual, and met him. The chief told him that "he wished to make peace, and bury the tomahawk, and live as brothers should live." Boon told him he was willing. He asked the chief upon what terms he wished peace to be made. He answered "that it was customary for *two* Indians to shake hands with *one* white man, in order that peace might be strong and lasting." It was agreed that Boon should send out four or five, (five, I believe,) and the chief should send double that number to shake hands with them. The distance from the fort was agreed upon: it was, I believe, eighty yards in the direction of the Indian encampment. Boon believed at the same time that it was a trick of the chief's, for he knew him to be a smart, shrewd man, and if he could capture and

put to death five men from the fort, it would be that much easier taken.

Boon went into the fort, and told them what he had done; stating, at the same time, that he believed it to be a trick of the chief's. He said he would go out for one, and then he beat up for volunteers, to know who else would go. One who went was a man by the name of Crabtree, who by far surpassed common men in size, strength, and action. Three others volunteered, whose names I have forgotten. They stripped themselves to their shirts and pantaloons. Boon gave special orders to the men in the fort to stand in readiness, and if they saw any signs of hostility by the Indians, to "*fire at the lump*." It was a time of deep interest in the fort. As they marched out of the fort gate, they were well satisfied it was a trick, for they could hear the chief's voice distinctly, talking to his men, and could see the Indians all in motion, catching up their guns. But our brave fellows went on to the place appointed, and took their stand a short distance apart. Immediately there came ten Indians marching up towards them, and when they came near, they divided, two and two to a man. It is really amusing to hear Crabtree tell how they

approached him. He held out his hands at arm's length, which were grasped by the Indians: the next grab was at his elbows. He shook them off as though they had been children. In like manner they attacked them all, but they all jerked loose, and made their escape into the fort.

The siege commenced, and went on very hotly for several days. The garrison was well manned by the best of marksmen. They had great advantage over the Indians, who were compelled to approach the fort on open ground, while they were inside of a strong stockade. A great many of the besiegers were killed. A guard was kept stationed at night around the fort, to prevent any advantage being taken, as there was a partial appearance of an attack being kept up on the opposite side of the fort from the Kentucky river, some sixty yards from where the fort was built. At length it was discovered that the Indians were attempting to make an underground passage into the fort, commencing in the bank of the river, which was very steep. This was discovered by the river running very muddy, on account of the dirt being thrown into it. Upon this, Boon commenced digging in the fort to meet them, and it was said that they got so nigh each other, that they could hear the sound of the tools; but how

true that is, I know not. Boon threw his dirt over the bastion of the fort: the Indians discovered it, and withdrew their forces from the unsuccessful attack, with a loss of a great many men, while Boon's loss was but trifling compared with theirs: I do not recollect the number—but very few, and some few were wounded.

Boon immediately started off to meet the Holston company, and met them at Rock Castle: there were some eighty or one hundred men, commanded by Captain George Adams. My eldest brother was along. Boon conducted them into Kentucky, and they were dispersed to the different forts. Some went to Harrodsburg, and some to Logan's fort, and they stayed in Kentucky four or five months.

It may be inquired how I came to the knowledge of these facts when I was quite young. I can readily answer that question. The Holston troops got to Boonsboro' perhaps before the stain of blood was washed from the battle-field, and I have heard my brother tell the circumstance over and over again, and it never has been erased from my recollection. Besides, when I was quite young, a small pamphlet fell into my hands, written by Daniel Boon, stating his first discovery of Kentucky, his being twice captured by the

Indians, the siege of Boonsboro', the Blue Lick defeat, and the Eaton defeat.

I remained in Kentucky one year, from the fall of 1784 to the fall of 1785, and heard these circumstances often related by the settlers there, some of whom had lost many relatives and neighbors.

CHAPTER VIII.

I WILL now endeavor to give the outlines of the Blue Lick defeat. A large body of the Northern Indians and Canadians, came over into Kentucky, with the view of doing all the mischief they could. They were commanded by the notorious Simon Girty, a white man, who ran away for some crime committed when quite young, and joined the Northern Indians, and became a commander among them. They attacked Riddle's Station, and succeeded in taking it. They murdered all the occupants of the fort, excepting some few who escaped; and I believe they also made an attack upon Bryant's Station, but did not succeed in taking it. All the forces that could be raised in Kentucky were immediately

collected, both from the north and south side of the Kentucky river, with the view of following the Indians. The choicest soldiers and leading men of the country were called out, in order to pursue the enemy. Colonels Todd and Trigg, with Major Harlan and Daniel Boon, were leaders of the Spartan band, which consisted of some one hundred and fifty men, or perhaps more. They followed the enemy down Licking, a tributary of the Ohio, until they came in sight of the Blue Lick.

The Indians were apprised that they were being pursued. They saw some two or three gallop out of the Lick, and cross the river into the bend. The river made a bend at that place, similar to a horse-shoe. They stopped, and a council was held. Daniel Boon told them that he was acquainted with the situation of the ground in the bend—that it was one of the nicest places for an ambuscade that nature ever formed; that there were deep ravines made down through the bend, and the undergrowth was very thick; that the Indians had shown themselves, to draw them into the bend; and that if they pursued them in there, they were certain to be whipped. He also stated that he knew the ground out beyond the bend: it was high and open. He said that they

could go up the river, cross, and go round to where the two extremes of the bend came close together. They would then have the Indians penned up in the bend, or draw them out in the open ground, where they could whip them.

At length Major Dan. McGavy stuck spurs to his horse, saying, "All who are not cowards, follow me, and cross the river."

He was followed, seemingly with great reluctance, until they all got over. They went on the buffalo-path, and the trail of the Indian army, until they went about half through the bend, when the first thing they knew, they were attacked by their assailants almost on every side, and McGavy, who was the first man to cross over, was also the first to cross back, which act of cowardice disgraced him to the day of his death.

Our brave fellows saw their dreadful condition, and sold their lives as dearly as possible. They were surrounded on all sides by the enemy, and had no chance of escape but by crossing the river. It was said that the Licking was up, and hardly fordable. Some were killed in the river, while others, who got over, were hotly pursued by the Indians, and killed for several miles from the river. The exact number of killed I do not

remember, but it was more than seventy. Colonels Todd and Trigg, and Major Harlan, were all killed. On that fatal day, the then flower of the Kentucky forces perished. The Indians took several of our men prisoners, and among them, Sergeant McMerter: he and Simon Girty had been raised together.

In the evening after the battle, the Indians numbered their men and counted the scalps taken: they found they had lost more men than they had scalps. Girty ordered as many of the prisoners to be killed as would bring the number even.

The way they executed them was this: they stripped the victims naked, to keep their clothes from being blooded, and, while two Indians led them out by the arms, a third stuck them to the heart with a knife. It fell to McMerter's lot to be killed. While they were stripping him, he turned round to Girty, and said, "Simon, I never did you any harm." He touched some tender chord of his savage heart, and he freed him from execution; but another poor fellow had immediately to go. When the numbers became even, they stopped.

Before the people from Kentucky could come there to bury their dead, they were so swollen and

torn by the wild beasts, that they could not distinguish them apart, and it was even believed that McMerter was killed in the battle. He had a wife and two children, I believe, in Bryant's Station. Women were very dependent on their husbands both for protection and support in those days. She was said to be a beautiful and smart young widow. About twelve months after the battle, a young man in the fort paid his addresses to her, and they were married. Some two or three months after their marriage, who should come home but McMerter! He appeared like one from the dead, for it was universally believed that he was killed in the battle. He immediately learned that his wife was married. At the sight of him she was so overcome, that it seemed she could hardly live. He relieved her as quick as he could, and told her he attached no blame to her: he also knew that if she had had any idea that he was living, she would not have married. He knew that she needed some one to support and protect her. It was said that he and the young man went out and talked the matter over, and agreed to leave it to her, and whoever she said she preferred to live with, the other promised, upon the honor of a gentleman, to withdraw and never interfere. They went in and proposed the

question to her. She said she would take the father of her children and her first love. It was said the young man never interfered, and she and McMerter lived happily together. If McMerter had never been taken prisoner, it would never have been known how many Indians were killed.

I have thus given you a short sketch of the outlines of the Blue Lick defeat.

CHAPTER IX.

I WILL now endeavor to give you a short sketch of Captain Estell's battle with the Indians. He was a brave man, and had a set of brave men about him. He was the owner of a fort.

There came in some thirty Indians from the North: they were said to be the bravest set of men to their number that ever came into Kentucky. They came on to Estell's fort, and captured a negro man of his, and started leisurely off. They inquired of the negro about Captain Estell. They understood that he was a brave man, with a set of brave followers. They asked the boy "did he think he would follow them?"

He told them he did not know, but, at the same time, he knew his master would follow them. They told the negro that they would like to come across him, and take a brush with him.

Captain Estell collected about twenty of his followers, and, not knowing the number of Indians, he sent to a neighboring fort, on the south side of the river, for fifteen or twenty more men, commanded by Lieutenant Miller. It seemed that the Indians were entirely careless about getting away, unless they could have a "brush" with Captain Estell. He pursued them on, and at Mount Stirling, the county seat of Montgomery county, he came up with them. They were aware that he was pursuing them, and had fixed themselves on the mount, a very high eminence, for battle.

Estell ordered Lieutenant Miller to slip around to their rear undiscovered, while he would attack them in front, and for him to come up in the rear, and they would soon whip them.

Estell made the attack; and Miller ran off, dastardly coward that he was, and took his men with him: he was disgraced to the day of his death. I knew him well, having been often at his house in Kentucky. The Indian force and Estell's were about equal—some thirty on a side

—and it was said a braver set of men on both sides never went into action. They advanced on each other until they got within the distance of twenty-five or thirty steps. Neither side would give way. Captain Estell was heard to say, in the battle, that if he ever lived to get home, he would kill Miller; but the poor fellow fell. It was said that the Indians were so regardless of death towards the close of the action, that they just stood out in the open ground, and would not take trees, as is their custom in close engagements. They fought until there was left but five or six men of a side living; and it was said that both parties just sallied off in different directions. I do not believe there was a scalp taken on either side.

Captain Estell had a brother, who lived in our neighborhood, on Big Moccasin, in Washington county. When the news reached us of the Blue Lick defeat and Estell's battle, the country was almost in mourning. We viewed them almost as our neighbors, although there was a dangerous wilderness of more than one hundred miles between us. Washington county was then a northwestern county in Virginia, and the people of Kentucky looked up to Virginia as a child to its parents. We were the nearest help they could

get. A good many families from Washington county had gone out to Kentucky.

I believe I will now drop Kentucky, and return to Holston.

CHAPTER X.

I MENTIONED in my previous narrative that my father settled on the head of Big Moccasin, with some fifteen or twenty families from Houston's fort. The Indians became so troublesome that we built a new fort: it was called Tate's fort, where we forted in the summer, and returned home in the winter. There was a fort some eight or ten miles from ours, over the waters of Clinch river, called Dale's fort, owned by Abraham Dale. A circumstance took place there that is worth relating. There was a man by the name of Crabtree who lived in that fort, and had a wife and one child. He was a brother of the big Crabtree, of Boonsboro'. He was the largest, strongest, and most active man in all the country —he was like Saul among the people. He went out hunting one day, and as he was returning home about the middle of the evening, at a place

called the Elk-garden, about three miles from the fort, the Indians lay in ambush close by the path. They shot his mare dead from under him, and never touched him. Before he could get clear of his brute, they sprang upon him like tigers, and took him prisoner, and tied his elbows back. They appeared to be greatly elated at their prize. They viewed him from head to foot, and the largest men would come and stand by him. At length they untied him, stripped him, viewed him again, felt his limbs, patted him on the back, and told him "he should have a squaw when they got home." They put on his clothes again, tied him, and two of them came to scuffle with him. He said he soon discovered if his hands were loose, he could handle them both. He said he became so taken with his new acquaintances, that had it not been for his wife and child, he would have gone home with them; but when he thought of *them*, he resolved to make his escape the first opportunity. They killed some shoats, and skinned a part of his mare, and made preparations for a great supper. When the supper was ready, they invited him up to eat: he said he partook with them, without bread or salt. When bedtime came on, they laid him down and tied his feet, guarding him securely all night.

The next morning they had early breakfast, and started on towards the fort. He said he knew their intention was to take the fort, there being some twenty-five or thirty of them. He said no human being could describe his feelings, to think that his wife and child were to be murdered, and he there a captive. They went on to a point of a ridge, where they could overlook the fort, it being in a valley, about three-quarters of a mile off. There they stopped, and the chief gave his men a talk, and kept pointing to the fort. He knew they could take it, for the men were careless: the gate would be open, and the men scattered about. At length the Indians laid him down, tied his feet together, and left a couple of boys, with one gun, to guard him. They had not gone far, before one of the Indians came running back, and took the gun, which was a very fine-looking one, from the boys, and gave them a small shot-gun. He said that did him good, for he was determined to make an effort to effect his escape. They had stopped not far from a path that led out from the fort. The Indians had not more than got out of sight, when, as Providence would have it, a man came riding along, either going to or from the fort. The Indian boys discovered him, although the man

never saw them. They immediately commenced untying his feet, and motioned to him that they must go farther. The moment he was on his feet, his hands being loose and his elbows tied behind, he sprang to the boy that had the gun, jerked it out of his hand, broke it over his head, and knocked him down. He kicked the other boy heels over head, gave him a stamp, and then started at the top of his speed to get to the fort before the Indians. He was very swift, and succeeded in getting there, though tied. They had thought it very strange of his staying out all night.

He speedily told them the circumstances. He was untied, the men collected in, the fort gates closed, and every arrangement made for their defence. It was supposed that the Indian boys ran and overtook the company, and they lost their great prize, for there was no attack made upon the fort. It was ever viewed as an act of Providence, for if Crabtree had not been taken prisoner, there was no doubt but the fort would have been taken.

Crabtree was a man of great humor, and it would amuse any one to hear him tell about the evening and night he spent with his new acquaintances.

Settlements were made down the Holston as far as French Broad. The Cherokees were so troublesome, that an army was raised in Virginia to go over and break up what were called the "Upper Towns," settled along on the Tennessee. My two eldest brothers and an uncle of mine went out on that campaign. The Holston troops were commanded by Colonel Campbell. They went on, and took three Indian towns: I think the towns were called Chotee, Hiwassee, and Chuckymaugy. They broke up the towns, took a great many prisoners, and killed a number—how many, I do not recollect.

My uncle had his thigh broken, and was carried home on a horse-litter. His name was Thomas Hobbs. All these things, both in Kentucky and Holston, transpired whilst I was in Washington county, Virginia, up to 1784, at which time I left to come to Cumberland. There is no historian that will ever be able to give an exact account of the murders committed on the Kentucky road, from Cumberland Gap to Kentucky. In moving to Cumberland, we always considered ourselves safe when we got to Kentucky, as there were very few murders committed on the road from Kentucky to Cumberland. Colonel Donelson, father-in-law to General Jackson,

was killed about Little Barren, in 1786 or 1787. There were a few other men killed on that road, who were generally salt-packers. We had to pack our salt from Man's Lick and Bullet's Lick, below Louisville, in Kentucky. There was an acquaintance of mine, by the name of John Main, who was killed near the Blue Spring Grove. He was packing salt; and there were two other men killed at the Three Springs, on the west side of Big Barren, I am told, where Bowling Green, in Warren county, now stands.

The road from Kentucky to Cumberland was never considered a very dangerous one, as I have before mentioned; but we generally went in companies, and armed, when we went after salt. No wagon had ever passed from Kentucky here in those days, although I have travelled the road in very troublesome times with but a single man.

I should have said that the attack on Boonsboro' was in 1777 or 1778, and that the Blue Lick defeat was in 1781. I believe Estell's battle was in 1782.

There was a man killed by the name of Robert Harding, which I forgot to mention in my last narrative. He was killed near by Fort Blount, while he was out hunting.

I forgot to state that Mr. John Hall, brother of General Hall, was one of the number that came here from 1780 to 1785—making, in all, seven persons.

I will now bring this lengthy narrative to a close.

I remain your friend and well-wisher,

JOHN CARR.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

WILLIAM CARR.

WILLIAM CARR.

BELOW we give a brief sketch of one of the best and most useful men we ever knew. He was a younger brother of Brother John Carr, whose "Early Times" are attracting so much attention, and the father of the Rev. Elisha Carr, long and favorably known as a member of the Tennessee Conference. His reward is glorious.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

WILLIAM CARR, my father, was born January 29, 1776, in Houston's Fort, Washington county, Western Virginia, and departed this life December 12, 1856, in Cannon county, Tennessee, aged eighty years, ten months, and twelve days. In 1784, his widowed mother removed with her family to Kentucky, and thence, in 1785, to

Tennessee, where he was among the early settlers and defenders of the country against the Indians.

In the great revival of 1800, he embraced the religion of Christ, and from that time he served the Lord. After his conversion, which occurred at a camp-meeting at Blythe's, Sumner county, he went home and began family prayer; and during the next winter the Lord powerfully converted his soul. Yes, it was a powerful conversion. O, I have often heard him relate the circumstances of it. Like St. Paul, he hardly knew whether he was in the body or out of the body. He became an exhorter, and, like John the Baptist, he preached much by way of exhortation, for which purpose he had many regular appointments by day and by night. He was a class-leader, and as such he was faithful. He was a steward, and as such he endeavored to do his duty, not only by collecting from others, but also by giving liberally himself. In him the poor always found a friend, and the traveller and the stranger took shelter under his roof, and were kindly dealt with by him—refusing pay from

many, and saying his only charge was to serve the Lord, and meet him in heaven. As to paying debts, he was just and prompt, paying on the spot for the smallest job done for him—thus following the apostle's counsel, to owe no man any thing. As to camp-meetings, he was a true believer in them, and showed his faith by his works, as many can testify. As to family prayer, he was strict and regular. As to Sunday-schools, he did his part. As to visiting the sick, he was there. As to his country, he was a patriot and a soldier, fighting not only against the Indians, but enlisting against the British in the last war, during which time he visited his sick and dying comrades, and prayed with them, reproving sin wherever he found it. He was a peacemaker, and followed peace with all men. It has been said that he did more than any other living man for the cause of God on Goose Creek Circuit. His house was a home for the travelling and local preachers for fifty-six years. He wished two things. First, to die like one going to sleep; and so he passed away quietly, saying he felt un-

worthy, yet he had a peace within the world could neither give nor take away. Secondly, to be buried in Macon county, by the grave of his first wife, my sainted mother. That was done. Now their remains are together, and he with my mother lives in heaven. O, the joy when they met! He was blessed with a numerous family, including his first wife and his second, and children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, numbering about one hundred and forty persons. Some passed off before him. O may the Lord help us who remain to follow his footsteps as he followed Christ's, is my prayer! Amen.

E. CARR.

Nashville, Jan. 8, 1856.